A Ship of Arms,

Vseful for all sorts of people in this woful time of War.

Fashion'd by a plain Country-Farmer,

SAMUEL BRASSE,

Nigh the River of *Tosse*, *Com. Ebor:*

Printed at *London*, in the Year 1653.

HARVARD COLLEGE
JUN 18 1922
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To the rightly Noble, and worthily honoured Lady,

The Lady ELWES, Wife to the Right Worshipfull Sir JERVACE ELWES Knight.

MAdam, well may you wonder at the audacious impudence of a ſtranger ſhall fix your Name in the frontiſpiece of his ſimplicity; But though I never ſaw your face, I have often heard the fame of your pious zeal to Godward, confirmed by thoſe ſet hours daily put apart in your privat Cloſet, no doubt for his ſervice (the onely reall ground of all your ſhining vertues) which put the boldneſs upon me to preſent you this plain piece of ruſtick Northern work, (favouring its Clymate) containing a few wandring thoughts of a decrepit miſerable

wretched Old man, humbly intreating you will vouchsafe him the favour at some spare hours of your life (if any such can be found) to open and read, and what you find unworthy your judicious eye, to raze out, and the poor remainder (if any such can be found) to place at the threshold of your Library, where the heat of your vestons may preserve it from the viperous tongue of the venemous Spider. And as you now live eminent amongst the best of Ladies, in that famous yet terrestriall Citie of *London*: So that you may hereafter live glorious among the best of Saints in that heavenly Citie new Jerusalem, shall be the prayer of

Your Servant deeply devoted

SAM. BRASSE.

To my loving Countrymen, the Commons of ENGLAND.

Dear Brethren, and loving Countrymen,

I Have laviſht out 80 years in ſollity & pleaſure, looſing the reins of liberty to all libidinous deſires, glutting my ſelf with the vain delights of this wretched world, miſpending that precious time my gracious God of his abundant goodneſs beſtowed upon me for his own ſervice ſolely. So as I am now become that *Dives* our Saviour ſpake of, daily tormented with the pain of fore-paſſed pleaſure: And leſt you my Countrymen ſhould not heare *Moſes* or the Prophets, I have ſent you this meſſage from a dying man, *To amend your Lives*, leſt you fall into the Lake where you may cry for a cup of cold water to cool your tongues, and be denied it. *Happy is he whom other mens harms doe make to beware.* For your ſouls ſake, and for Jeſus Chriſts ſake, lay to heart what is here in charity preſented, by a plain Country-man, your friend and well-wither,

Samuel Braſſe.

To the READER.

READER,

I Wrote this little Book chiefly for my self and familiar friends; yet if any other can get good by it, I shall be glad. 'Tis a Collection of a few wandring Thoughts of an Old man, lame both in body and minde; Written in his bed the other Winter, occasioned with want of rest by reason of pain. His intention is good if expressed by finer fingers: But bear with infirmities, and make that use he desireth, who is your friend and welwisher,

Sam. Brasse.

Flie foolish Fashion ('cause a novel friend)
You'll read perchance untill you see its end,
Then lay't aside: but good friend do not so,
Keep't neer your heart, and it will cure all woe.
Read it, re-read it, read it o're again;
The matter's good, though th'method poor & plain.

S. B.

An Anagrammatical Motto of *Samuel Brass*.

Brass se Emanuel, is his exhortation:
Emanuel se Brass, is his approbation.

Both these united in him do appear;
Love of Christ's members, of his precepts feare.

Of the Book.

His book his honour; for its revealed light
A lanthorn is to walk in Christ his sight.
Here's no new light, nor any old tradition,
Nor Heresie, nor Romish superstition:
But he that reads it, may in't truly find
Full great contentment for a Christian mind.

William Kay.
Minister at Stokesley.

Vse, Perusal of this book, I doe [illegible] to perform what it promiseth; to be a ship full fraught with Arms, and represents *Davids* Tower, wherein are a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men, (*Cant.* 4. 4.) 'Tis indeed full of divine Meditations, sweet Allusions, concise Comparisons, [illegible] and concludes the Authors conversation to be in Heaven. It is *Heaven upon Earth*. And I may truly say of this, as *Nazianzen* of *Basils*; It is *Devotionis meribus ornata Navis*, A ship full fraught with the rich Merchandise of Devotion. This is the opinion of

Tho. Oddie,
Minister at *Kirby*.

To the Author.

GOe vend these Arms throughout the Christian world,
Now all in one more precious they then gold,
Being parcel gilt, all of them Canon proof;
Where they are in use, the Enemy stands aloof.
And though his power be limited to wound thee,
Fear not, but Christ thy Saviour shall defend thee.
So thou make use of what is here set down,
Thou mayst be sure in heaven to wear a crown.

By a Friend,
E. A.

A Ship of Armes.

O Sinful soul, O sinful soul,
Shall Christ be born for thee,
And thou not live and in his service die?
O cruel Caitiff, cruel Caitiff,
Was't born tormentor be
Of him Laid down his dear heart blood for thee?
O wretch, O wretch; O wretch, O wretch,
That erst thou should be be bore
Love Satan serve, and leave thy Saviour;
Who in that night the Jews did him betray,
Went forth to th' fields, as he was wont, to pray;
Unto the Garden called *Gethsemane*,
Where he and his did sometimes use remain;
Attended that night onely with his own,
For his going thither was no further known
To any of them that were his followers more,
Or else no doubt of followers had been store:
And being there, he went himself apart,
That he to heaven might raise and lift his heart:

And wil'd th'Apoſtles they ſhould watch & pray
Leſt that the Tempter might take them away.
But he being gone, his follow'rs fell aſleep,
Whom he reprov'd, becauſe they could not keep
Themſelves awaking for ſo ſhort a ſpace,
And then did he return to's former place:
And they like men unto their ſleepy vain,
Which he well knowing, turned back again,
And wil'd them ſleep and fear not, he would be
Their keeper, during all eternitie.
And then fell he upon his bended knees,
And pray'd for thoſe that were his enemies.
That done, he call'd, and will'd them to awake;
For they were nigh intended him to take:
Who ſuddenly were then hard by at hand,
Attended ſtrongly with a Soldiers Band;
All who were furniſh'd, each one Soldier-like,
With burniſht ſword, with ſtaff, or elſe with pike:
And when they came to our ſweet Saviour nie,
He did demand whom 'twas they came to ſpie:
They ſaid, For Jeſus, he of *Nazareth*;
That's I (ſaid he) and pray now what pleaſeth
You do with him? whereat all being aſton'd,
They ſtarted back, and fell upon the ground:
And when they did from that amazement wake,
He ſaid, 'Tis I whom ye are come to take.
Now Traitor *Judas* did before combine,
Whom he ſhould kiſs, might be a certain ſign
For them, whereby to know him from the reſt;
Which prov'd a worm within his boſome breſt:

Who ſaid *Hail Maſter*, then he did him kiſs,
Not knowing, wretch, how much he did him bliſs
By that foul act, but yet whenas he ſaw
Th'event thereof, he then did ſtand in awe;
And gave again the Pieces, price of blood,
In hope thereby he might receive ſome good:
But his repentance 't (ſeemeth) came too late,
Becauſe he prov'd a wicked Reprobate;
And hang'd himſelf, for that his Treaſon done
To his own Maſter, who was Gods own Son;
Whom now the Soldiers had with them in Hold,
And with our Saviour were more ſawcy bold
Then fitting was; if they vile men had known,
That they ſhould reap ſuch ſeed as they had ſown.
Then *Simon* he drew forth a ſword, and there
Did quite cut off the High-Prieſts ſervant's ear:
But's Maſter bade him ſheath his ſword again,
For who uſe ſwords, with ſwords ſhall ſure be ſlain.
And doſt not know, if ſo it were my mind,
I could of Angels thouſands Legions find,
For to confound that cruel companie?
But now's the hour, and ſo now let it be.
And then he call'd for *Malchus* to come neer,
And with a touch did heal cut *Malchus* ear.
O bleſſed touch might that to *Malchus* been,
If *Malchus* heart, had *Malchus* ear but ſeen.
But he was like the reſt his companie,
Whoſe lighted torches could not make them ſee
Within their breaſts, where they might eaſily find,
Even hearts of ſtone; but Satan made them blind;

For th' blind are often found to be most bold,
An ancient Adage, true as it is old.
Then on went they with their resolv'd design,
As Satan did their wicked hearts incline,
And tugg'd their Prisoner with all foul disgrace,
Until they brought him to a publick place,
Where multitudes were ready tending there,
In hope that they might something of him hear,
At *Cæsar*'s Hall, where some did cause to make
A fire, but not for our sweet Saviour's sake,
But for themselves, that it might keep them warm
For fear lest they by cold might catch some harm.
'Mongst whom was *Peter* got into the throng;
To whom one said, he surely did belong
Unto the Prisoner there was standing by:
But he poor man his Master did deny.
And after that, there was another said,
Thou'rt one of them whom we this night betraid;
But he did still maintain his former Plea,
And said, Till then he ne'er his Master see.
And then anon there was a Damsel came,
And challeng'd him, and said he did remain
With that same man; and then weak *Peter*
That he did never see that man before. (swore
With that his Master turning back his eye,
And so beholding *Peter* steadily,
The Cock did then begin his first to crow,
And *Peter* out, and seem'd to make a show
Of grievous anger: but the truth was so,
His heart was like within him burst for wo,

That

That he his own good Maſter had deny'd,
Whom he had vow'd to ſerve until he dy'd:
And call'd to mind, how had his Maſter ſaid,
By him ere long, that he ſhould be denaid
Even thrice, before the Cock ſhould twice but crow,
As he had then done, all even on a row:
Which made his eys guſh out with briniſh tears,
And eke his heart with dreadful horrid fears
Of cruel torments, due for his deſert,
And griev'd him greatly at the very heart,
That he ſhould prove to be ſo weak in mind,
Whom God himſelf before that had aſſign'd
To ſet in heaven, and be a Judge of them,
Who were the twelve Tribes of Jeruſalem.
And now the Soldiers, where they do abide,
Our Saviour ſtill they ſhamefully deride;
Abuſing him with ſcorn diſdainfully,
As though that he had had no Deity;
And ſpit upon his ſweeteſt tender face,
Abuſing him with all the foul diſgrace
They could deviſe, to make themſelves but merry,
Not thinking he was able make them weary
(If ſo he pleaſ'd) but he good man did bear,
Even whilſt theſe Jews did box him on the ear;
And for their ſport our Saviour they do ſcorn,
And with a fools-coat him they do adorn:
And firſt blindfold, and then they do him beat;
And bid him gueſs who 't was that did the feat:
And at the dawning of the day they call,
And him convey into their common Hall;

Where, when there could no cause be justly found
For to condemn whom they had now fast bound,
They forge false men for witnesses to swear,
What wretches they from his own mouth did hear,
That he their stately Temple would pull down,
And in three dayes set one up in the room
Should equal it, in every each kind degree,
For glorious beauty and for dignitie.
And thereto he good man did not reply,
For which they deem'd him worthy well to dy:
Still heaping on him more and more disgrace,
By hurrying him from this unto that place;
And carrying him from this, unto that Judge,
For of their pains these Jews they did not grudge.
And thence to *Pilate* him these wretches bear,
That he their wicked witnesses might hear;
And judge him worthy therefore for to die:
But he as yet could nothing in him spie
(Deserving death,) and so caus'd him be sent
To *Herod Tetrarch*, then b'ing President,
Who was full glad that he might see him there,
Of whom he did so many wonders hear.
But he could nothing of our Saviour get;
Which made him grieve, and inwardly to fret:
So he return'd him back to *Pilate*'s place,
Where he received all the foul disgrace
That either hatred, malice, or envie
Might throw on him, to make the innocent die.
Then *Pilate*'s wife in hast a message sent,
And will'd her husband he should be content,

And

And have no medling with that good juſt man,
For of him ſhe had had a fearful Dream,
And ſuffered much, and therefore humbly pray'd
He rather God then any man obey'd:
Which ſtruck Judge *Pilate* to the very heart,
And cauſ'd in him an inward grievous ſmart:
And then he ſaid, that he could find no cauſe
To judge him dye, no not by their own Lawes;
And waſh'd his hands, if ſo he had his heart,
To keep him free from th' unjuſt Judges part.
But it is conſcience in a Judges breaſt,
Which makes the Judge prove either man or beaſt;
And yet becauſe the peoples earneſt cry,
He gave him judgement worthy well to dy:
So he was condemn'd and without any cauſe;
But that the Jews made Will to ſtand for Laws:
And then cry'd out, O horrid ſhameful thing!
That I ſhould thus be drawn condemn your king
But they deny'd, and thereto gave no ear,
That he the name of King of Jewes ſhould bear.
Now cuſtome was, at that firſt ſet one free,
Who for deſert was judg'd worthy to dye,
And therefore mov'd that they would Jeſus chuſe,
But they did Jeſus utterly all refuſe;
And cry'd aloud that they might crucifie
Him, whom indeed moſt willing was to die:
And made their choyce of a wicked murtherer,
For him that was our bleſſed Saviour.
But *Pilate* he (b'ing ſtung) continued ſtill,
To try if he by means might win their will

For to accept of that just man Jesus,
In stead of that most unjust *Barabbas*.
But they still cry'd, that they might crucifie
Him, whom they rather ought to Deifie.
And then did *Pilate* cause to chasten him,
And order'd he should be delivered them;
And o're his head he then did write this thing,
This is the man who is of Jews the King:
And it was writ in divers sev'ral Tongues,
That al who list might read & see their wrongs.
But they requir'd he would be pleas'd to add
To this inscription onely *so he said*:
But he did answer them, What I have writ,
I am resolv'd I will not alter it.
Then they with joy began to lead away
Towards the place is called *Golgotha*;
And forc'd our Saviours tender back to bear
His heavy Cross, which he could hardly rear;
And there were multitudes did follow him,
Some crying, and some other pitying:
And many women were the crowd among,
Who wept so high for all that mighty throng,
That Jesus heard, and he cry'd unto them,
Weep for your selves and for your own childre
And for Jerusalem.
For th' time shall come, and now doth draw fa
That there shall not be left one little stone (o
Upon another, in that stately Towne;
Although it be now of such great renown.
But most of them to him no credit gave,

But ſtill they do themſelves ſo miſ-behave,
As they had done untill he had got his grave.
And when they came unto that bloody place
Aſſign'd, as they thought, for a great diſgrace,
They then began that heavy tree to tear,
And eke his ſweeteſt tender skin to tear,
Between two theeves; a horrid ſhameful thing,
Though good enough to crucifie our King.
The one of which theeves, in moſt ſcornful wiſe,
Our Sovereigne thus did jeeringly deſpiſe.
If thou be God, or the Son of God, Jeſus,
Go down from the tree, and ſave both thee and us;
But the other he in zeal reproving him,
Said, We are puniſh't juſtly for our ſin,
But this man he hath done (at all) none ill,
Yet ſuffers onely cauſe the Jews ſo will,
Againſt all laws: and then with heart ſaid he,
Vouchſafe good Lord be pleas'd remember me
When thou do'ſt come in thy glorious Majeſtie.
Who anſwered him in milde and humble wiſe,
This day ſhalt thou be with me in Paradiſe.
O happy theefe that was inſpir'd with grace,
To come to heaven within ſo ſhort a ſpace.
When all ſorts ſcoff'd our bleſſed Saviour,
Aſwell the Prieſt as did the ſouldier;
Who caſt their Dice upon his ſeamleſs coat,
And his it was to whom it fell by lot,
All this that milde man took moſt patiently,
To teach us ſinners how that we ſhould dy;
And yielded up his deareſt humane breath,

To free thee sinner from eternal death.
Now let us all with joy due praises sing,
To God our Saviour and our heavenly King.
For th' thorny crown which he (good man) did
Was due by right for wretched thee to wear. (bear
Then do thou suffer freely for his sake,
And to him thou, do thou thy self betake.
The drops that trickled down his tender cheek,
Would force the hardest stony heart to weep:
For without sorrow for thy deadly sin,
Thou may'st be sure thy heart is hard within.
His armes he stretched out upon the tree,
By sweet embracements calling unto thee.
Then do not flie, as father *Adam* did,
For *Adams* sin by flight could not be hid:
But lovingly do thou his love embrace,
Who's all only giver of heavenly grace.
His hands were rent with cruel iron pins,
To gaine thee pardon for thy cruel sins.
O then for pardon do thou humbly pray,
Or look to have none at another day.
The watry blood that issued out his side,
Will wash off sins, if it be well apply'd.
Apply it then, if thou hast any grace,
Or ne'er expect in heaven to have a place.
The nailes which fastn'd down his tender feet,
Will work in the hard'st flinty heart regreet.
Then beat thy heart, and strive to break it oft,
If thou intend by grace to make it soft;
For broken hearts are they will onely win,

And

And gaine us pardon for our grievous sin.
His cruel paines endur'd in every part,
Will mollifie the hardest flinty heart.
Then search thine own, and soundly do thou try it,
If these his pains with grief do mollifie it.
Examine strictly even every each hollow part,
For many such be sure is in thy heart:
And thus must thou, and thou thy self alone,
Or else thou know'st within it can come none.
Then do it daily, if so thou do mean
These hollow places in it to keep clean:
For there the tempter loves to lurke and lye,
If he can compass any harborie;
Who 'll promise faire, if thou wilt in him trust,
But faireſt words are often found unjust.
Then do thou fear, and from the tempter fly,
For few that strive do obtaine victory;
But to thy Saviour do thou boldly go,
For he doth use put no man off with no:
He neither sin'd in thought, nor word, nor deed,
And yet for thee his heavy heard did bleed,
And yielded up his blessed heavenly Ghost,
Which was conveyed by glorious Angels host
Up to the heavens, from whence at first it came,
And where it shall for evermore remaine.
And then the earth did quake for very fear,
And stony Rocks themselves in sunder tear:
The famous Temple rent it self in twaine,
And so ere since it doth and shall remaine.
The heavens forsook their spangled wonted light,

And eke the Sun, which then did shine so bright,
For grief and sorrow did it self close hide,
And underneath a thick cloud did abide,
Whereat the watchmen were so sore astonʼd,
And struck with fear, as they fell all to ground.
And when they wakʼt, then each of them did swear,
Twas thʼ Son of God whom they had hanged there.
O praise, sing praise to him that sits on high,
Who thought no scorn for wretched thee to dye.
O that he should be cruelly crucified!
Who did deserve be mightily magnified.
Him serve, him fear, him let us still obey,
On whom depends our onely hope and stay.
O praise, sing praise to his most holy name,
Who was, is now, and ever shall be the same.
Sing praise to him who lovingly dyʼd for thee,
Yet still doth live, and shall eternallie.
Let all the earth conjoyn with one accord,
To sing the praises of that heavenly Lord,
Who made the heavens, the earth, the sea, and all
That in them is, come at his only call.
He spake the word, and they were all made then
The word was this, Let it so be, amen.
These creatures all, of him do stand in awe,
To them his word is for a binding law;
They never do use oppose his sacred will,
But all obey their heavenly maker still,
Save onely man, this sinful wretched man,
For whose sole use all these good creatures came,
Who was at first created good and free

From thought of sin, or any malady.
And Maker-like thou (sinner) might have stai'd,
If thou thy maker had'st in heart obey'd:
But willingly thou wretch didst lose that grace,
And so became a miserable sinful race,
Of runagates from ought that tends to good.
But that thy Saviour shed his precious blood,
To bring thee back to that happy state again.
If thou had'st grace being there, in it remain.
Praise him, praise him, and for thy self do pray,
That thou in him may'st ever live and stay.
And on his passion daily ruminate,
To work in thee of horrid sin a hate;
And keep in heart for what cause he was sent,
To call poor sinners that they may repent.
For without that, be sure thou hast no part,
Nor any portion in thy Saviours smart.
But thou thy self dost him still crucifie,
Whom thou ought'st rather even to glorifie.
Repent betime if thou hast any grace,
Or else in heaven expect to have no place:
For no unclean thing can ascend on hy,
Where Angels sit and sing continually
The Praises due to that heavenly holy one,
Who made all creatures by his word alone,
And is desirous for to have them all
To come to him, and doth them often call.
Then go with speed, thou wretch, and do not stay,
For great's the danger of one hours delay.
And if thou shalt thy Saviour now deny,

He'll not be heard when thou doſt to him cry.
Then thou beware of being drawn away
By him that ſeeks thy ruine and decay,
And doth delude thee by ſome ſlie deceit,
Enticing thee with his ſweet ſinful baite;
To overthrow thy ſoul and body there
Where nought appears, but onely horrid fear
Of ugly feinds, whoſe mouthes like lions roare,
And with their teeth do rend and eke devour
All ſuch as come within their helliſh reach:
Then learn by others thee thy ſelf to teach.
Of ſinful life and death to ſtand in fear,
Leſt ſoul and body both, theſe hell-hounds tear,
And torture them in that moſt fearful place,
Where all muſt live do not partake of grace.
Then faſt and pray, and faſt and pray againe,
That thou with Chriſt in heaven maiſt aie remain;
And do repent thee of thy ſinful crime,
And be thou ſure thou do't whiles thou haſt time,
For time's not tyed, no not to th' beſt mans leaſure,
Therefore this day do thou give ore thy pleaſure;
And ſtrive to pleaſe thy heavenly God and King,
And to him alwayes his due praiſes ſing,
And give him thanks that he hath ſpared thee,
Till thou haſt time thy ſinful life to ſee;
And blame thy ſelf for thy hard ſtony heart,
Since that thy God hath plaid a loving part,
In often calling and recalling thee,
To ſearch thy heart, and ſecret ſins to ſee;
For though thy conſcience hourly thee accuſe,

Yet

Yet to repent, thou sinner do'st refuse:
So that death's due for this thy great neglect,
But that thy God doth lovingly thee respect.
And though thy sins do justly death deserve,
Yet still thy life this good God doth preserve,
And stead of death, he heapes on thee blessings,
By sparing thee, and eke long-sufferings;
To try if thou'lt thy sinful life forsake,
And to this good God thee thy self betake,
Who poureth out his blessings on thee still,
To try if he by gifts may win thy will
To follow him: O do thou follow then,
And follow fast withouten all delay
This thy good God, and from him do not stay;
With all thy heart, and that unfeignedly,
And free from (that vile sin) hypocrisie;
Left sleeping conscience justly thee accuse,
That thou thy self do'st thee thy self abuse,
By seeming other then indeed thou art,
But God above seeth th' secrets of thy heart;
Though man believe thou art the very same
Which thou dost seem, as if free from all blame
Or blot of sin, but what to them appeares
In outward show, or to their fleshly ears
Report doth bring: but sinner be thou sure,
Thy Saviour cannot this vile sin endure,
Thus to be mock't with that the outward part,
Which differs far from the inward sinful heart;
For he desires to have thy heart alone:
Then give him that, or else thou giveſt him none.

For soul and body are ordain'd to go,
At th'end together, whether they will or no,
To th' great accompt, and therefore do thou
Thou daily use to obey the Deitie:
And be not thou with this wicked world beguil'd
For then a sinner thou art sure be stil'd.
But have a care that thou do daily use,
Of daily sins thy self for to accuse.
And keep a strict account of thy weak state,
And then by that thou wilt discern thy fate;
Which must be hell, or else that heavenly bliss,
Fie, flie from that, and care to cleave to this;
Where be assur'd thy Saviour thou shalt see,
Who hath endur'd the torments due to thee;
To suffer death as Christ himself hath done,
For all of them that to him freely come.
Then freely go, and that without delay,
To him that putteth no man off with nay,
But willingly with love embraceth all,
Who on the name of Jesus onely call:
Then call and call, and do thou call againe,
That thou in him may'st evermore remaine:
And then fear not, but thou shalt with him find
Eternal joyes, yea far beyond thy minde;
For be assur'd, no earthly creature can
Expresse the real happiness of that man
That cometh there, and therefore do thou strive
At that great happiness that thou mayest arrive,
Where Saints and Angels sing continually,
To him that lives, and shall eternally.

O

O let both heart and tongue, and all agree
To sing his praise so lovingly dyed for thee:
Let all the earth, the worthy praises sing
Of Christ our Saviour, & our heavenly king;
And join themselves in praise wth one accord
To sing the praises of the heavenly Lord,
On whom th arch-angels daily do attend,
And shall for aye e'n world without all end.
And all of them do all times sing,
To God our Saviour, & our heavenly king.
O mount my soule, and strive to apprehend
These heavenly joys, wch never shal have end:
And set thy song to that glorious Angels quire
Who joys enjoy beyond all harts desire
Even that the presence of our Saviour sweet,
The very Essence of all joy compleat:
Sweet Jesus please my soul may there reside
And in thy Passion faithfully confide,
And thereby draw from hence this terren part
As onely guided by a fleshly heart,
Subjects it self unto the inferiour power,
Who doth not cease torment it ev'ry houre:
With sundry passions it cannot resist,
But willingly complyes to what he list
For to command, untill he so shall please,
My Saviour sweet to grant to me some ease,
Of this tentation, wherewith wretched I
Have still been govern'd from my infancy:
Then come sweet Jesu, and that presently;
Or else Lord Jesu I shall surely dye:

In this my sin, except good God, thou wilt
With thy dear blood wash of my sinful guilt,
And take from me this wicked Legion one,
Of my poor heart, and cause be put to rout.
All the tentations wherewith (hellhound) he
Continually (poor wretch) tormenteth me;
And bind him lord, I thee most humbly pray,
That he doe never more lead me away,
As he hath done, but that I sinfull may
From this fowl Legion totally fall away:
But 'tis not in me, nor my power, O Lord,
Except thou pleas vouchsafe to me the word:
Then please sweet Jesus, I thee humbly pray,
That blessed word of comfort to me say;
That thou in me, and I likewise in thee
Shall rest, and so for evermore shall be
Freed from tentation of that wicked fiend,
The mortall enemy of all humane kinde.
Which hurrieth this my weak & fleshly mind,
More wavering much, then is th'instable wind;
Which wandreth like the sun, from east to west,
And when't comes there, then there it doth not rest.
But roving runs up to the Starry Skies,
And by and by unto the Deep it dives;
And mounts again up to the highest ayre;
But yet can finde no firm fast footing there;
For though it be even now at hand hereby;
Tis gone again in th'twinkling of an eye:
For tis so swift, as there is nothing can
Force it to stay so long as man is man.

Not

Not much unlike unto that *Noah*'s Dove,
Which found no footing, but in th'Ark a-
It flies aloft, and hovers in the ayre, (bove.
To find that reſt which cannot be found there,
Except thou pleaſe vouchſafe to take it Lord,
As thou haſt promiſed by thy ſacred word,
For to ſafe keep all whom ſoever ſhall,
Upon the name of our Lord *Jeſus* call.
Then bend you knees of my moſt wicked heart,
Which guideth all this the inferiour part:
And humbly pray, and pray, and pray again;
And in that poſture do thou ſtill remain,
Untill our Saviour pleaſe thy ſuit to hear,
And to thy prayers vouchſafe to turn his ear.
And do not thou, if ſo, at this repine,
That he hears not theſe ſinful prayers of thine,
For many cauſes (doubtleſſe) there may be,
That he as yet doth turn his ear from thee;
And all of them of thee thy ſelf ariſe:
Who is at beſt but onely worldly wiſe;
And ſavours not the things that are above,
Which do proceed from that good God of love,
But diving down-wards ſeldom or ne're heeds,
That all things good, fro heav'n alone proceeds,
And yet wilt thou unto the earth encline;
Diſtaſting things are ſpiritual and divine:
And when thou ſeeſt it's onely reall cauſe,
It may be then, th'wilt ſtop and take a pauſe,
And pray again; yet ſtill thou ſinful art,
Extreamly troubled with a double heart

Which boat-man like doth seem to make a shew
Of looking upward, yet doth downward draw
With all its force, unto this massie earth,
Where it at first receiv'd its vital breath;
And doth so clog the inward spiritual part:
As it doth yeeld unto the wicked heart.
And so they both are downward led away
From thee their Saviour, and their onely stay:
And runs so fast down *Sions* steepy hill,
As that to *Babel* needs these wretches will;
Except thou please, sweet Jesus, lend thy hand,
And force them both to stop and make a stand,
And climbe with speed up *Sions* hill again:
Which cannot be without excessive pain
Unto the heart, whose loins are stife and weak;
And painful climbings forceth them to break;
Unlesse sweet Jesu, thou wilt please to be
Their Comforter, in this extremity, {obtain
And grant them strength that they may re-
The top of blessed *Sions* hill again.
Then come sweet *Jesu*, I thee humbly pray;
Come quickly Lord and do thou make no stay;
For the glasse is now at point to be out-run.
Then come Lord *Jesu*, come Lord *Jesu* come,
And send my soul some speedy present aid;
Or else, deer God, it meerly is betrayed,
By a fawning friend, who seems to make a shew
That he to it ent'rest love doth owe.
And yet indeed its deadliest enemy,
Who kils it self to make my soul to die.

O help sweet *Jesu*, help, I humbly pray;
My silly mind, from thee thus drawn away:
By this foul flesh, that's foul in every part,
Because its govern'd by a fleshly heart,
That domineers within my hollow breast,
And will not let my silly minde take rest.
For all my members, they do so combine,
As that from heaven to earth they do encline:
Yea, even the head, wherein is onely placed
The senses all, which neither live to taste,
Nor hear, nor see, nor scent, nor yet to feel
Ought what is good, but all whatsoever is ill.
And th' apprehension it doth still project, (let
Nothing that's good, but all things good neg
And memory it ever more forgets.
These blessings great, and bounteous benefits,
Which thou hast pleased in mercy heap on me
(The very picture of base misery) (thought)
Who cannot think so much as one good
But it is mixed with something w^ch is nought;
Nor yet to prostrate into the Lords presence
To pray for ought, without some great offence
For then and there, I often plainly finde,
My minde is hurried, as if with the winde
O'r all the earth, & well it know's not where,
Nor matter's much, so as it be not there
Where it should be; but alwayes runs astray,
Like to the blinde man that hath lost his way,
And is in danger ever for to fall
Into a Ditch, where he doth lye and crall,

And

And cry for help, but if there be none by,
The blind man's likely in the Ditch to ly.
Then help sweet *Jesus*, help, I humbly pray,
That this my wicked wandring mind may stay
And fix on thee, and on thy grievous pain
To bring it back, to that right way again:
And being there, I humbly pray the Lord,
Vouchsafe to bind it w^th strong *Sampson*'s cord,
When his hair was cut, that it may always stay
And never more so gad and run astray;
But ever keep within those blessed bounds,
To think on thee, and on thy grievous wounds,
How thou endurd'st those bitter pains for me
Of all man-kinde, a wretch most unworthy:
Except thou please vouchsafe give me a call,
As thou did'st *Peter*, or that blessed *Saul*,
Who persecuted thee and them were thine
Yet at thy call did never once repine.
But presently he at that call became
A painfull Preacher of thy sacred Name.
Now call sweet *Jesu*, call, I humbly pray;
That I from thee, in sin, no longer stay,
But come and wash thy blessed feet with tears,
Who hath freed me from all those horrid fears,
Were justly due unto my stony heart,
If it had had its onely due desert:
And then I hope my wearied soul shall rest,
In thee alone, by whom 'tis onely blest:
And wait on thee at this thy loving call,
Before that glorious heavenly Tribunal;

Where

Where Angels sing before thee continually,
The praises due to th' sacred Trinity.
There thou my minde, do now set up thy rest;
For therein shalt thou certainly be blest.
And in that place be sure to spend thy life,
And do not prove like Lot his foolish wife;
But still aspire, to mount aloft my soule,
That thou may'st be one in that blessed roll
Of them are mark'd to follow th' holy Lamb:
Who for thy sins from highest heav'ns down came
Then follow thou my soul, with speed I say
And to thy Saviour, do thou alwaies pray;
That thou in him for evermore may live,
And to his Name most worthy praises give;
For all the goodnes he hath given to thee;
So far beyond thine own expectancie.
For he hath freely given to thee much more
Then erst was in thy wicked mind before
To crave of him, then do thou sing his praise;
And his great blessings do thou ever blaze
O're all the earth, that they may know and see
The bounty great of the bless'd Deitie.
To thee poor man who had a happy place
In Paradice; but thy own want of grace,
Did throw thee thence, even unto the ground:
Where thou receiv'd'st that deadly mortal wound
Which none can cure, but that the blessed Lord
Himself, did freely of his own accord;
Say he would send one of the womans seed
Should bruise & break the wily serpents head;

Which he perform'd in this his onely Son (come,
Who from the heavens, down to this earth did
And there endured as thou by faith mayst see,
The torments great (of right) were due to thee,
In lieu whereof thy Saviour doth but crave,
That he thy heart to himself may onely have.
A poore requitall for his grievous pain,
Wherein he doth not seek for his own gain;
But onely thine: then do thou let him have,
That is his own, which he doth onely crave:
For he hath dearly purchased the same,
Which all in darknesse did till then remain;
And into darknesse shall again return:
And in that darknes evermore shall burn;
Except it please thy Saviour thence it call.
For thou dost nought, but he alone dost all.
For thou still dost as hereto thou hast done,
Forsake both Father and his onely Son,
To gain a thing which is at best but losse:
For faire & pleasures are (in substance) dosse.
And now being got, they are with th' windnow
So that the pleasure proveth to be none. (gone,
Then fie fond man, thus to be drawn forsake
Thy Saviour sweet, who freely did thee make
To be capable of eternall blisse.
Then do not thou give him a *Iudas* kisse,
For it was solely in his breast alone,
To have made thee tree, or liveles stock or stone
But he did breath upon thy slimy face, (grace
The breath of life, for which his bounteous

Thou

Thou attributed to give him all whatso'ere thou hast:
Who in that posture thee (being earth) hath plac'd;
Whereby thou now by faith maist re-obtain,
The place if thou hast grace in it t'remain,
And in him trust, who hath so dearly bought
This place for thee; yet thou fond man dost
But on this earth rest, & take thy delight, nought
And for a bable sell even all thy right
And hope of heaven: O sir, most wicked, he!
That thou hat'st life, and lov'st so well to die;
Was ever mad-man seen so far bereav'd
Of sense as thou, who hast thy soul bequeath'd
From him that bought it, and to thee it gave:
Then give't again, that thou with him maist have
A blessed place, among that heavenly quire;
Where all enjoy whatsoe'r they doe desire:
And more then so, for ev'ry one of them
That dwels with him in that *Jerusalem*
Are fil'd with joy, and so shall ever be,
From time to time, for all eternitie:
To which they cannot with their wishes crave,
What they do want, or what they do not have:
O thither mount my minde, and do thou stay
Thy self in that the best and happiest way;
Which leads to life, where thou shalt surely see,
The glorious face of the sacred Trinitie;
Without all fear, which ne'r yet any one
But *Moses* did, and onely he alone
Was pent up close within the rockie cliff,
And there was covered in that stony riff

With Gods own hand, till he himself past by:
For none his face could ever see, but die.
Then God withdrew his hand, and *Moses* he
The hinder parts of this great God did see.
O joy, that's far beyond all other joyes!
When thou behold's with these thy fleshly eyes,
Even every part of the sacred Trinitie:
Which creature man, as yet could never see.
Stay there my minde, and do thou ruminate
These heavenly joyes which ne'r determinate;
And onely Saints and Angels doe enjoy,
Who are solely freed from all kind of annoy,
And ever more in his glorious presence live;
Who for thy sins his life did freely give:
And yet doth he, but even desire thy heart
In recompence of this his cruel smart.
O that he should thus easily be content,
To take again, what he hath onely lent.
And (yet vile) wretch, dost thou at this repine,
So as thy heart doth daily still decline,
From heaven to earth, & freely there complies
With him, w^th whom there is none deals but lies.
Then elevate my soul thy self again,
And strive an Angels glorious place to obtain:
For this a place of wicked warfare is;
Where all must strive that care to come to blisse
And that they conquer, then they may be sure
To gain a crown of glory shall endure
For evermore: and therefore do thou strive,
And do not thou at thy wicked heart connive,

Whose

Whose nature is to love this massie earth,
Whereon at first received its vital breath.
But do thou love the Lord thy God alone,
And to him onely do thou make thy moan;
That he may please to elevate thy minde
Up to the heavens, where thou art sure to find
Thy Saviour sitting in his glorious throne,
Who gladly hears all suites (denying none
Are made to him) then do not thou delay,
But fast and heartily to thy Saviour pray
That he will please his Spirit of grace then send
That thou thereby thy sinful life may mend;
And do thou strive for to obtain that place
Which none can have but onely by his grace.
Then lift thy heart up to the heavens, and says,
Come sweet Lord *Jesus*, come Lord, I thee prays,
And take my soul good God into thy hands
To free it from all these sinful earthly bands,
Which bind it strongly sore against 't will,
From what is good, to that is ever ill;
Safe keep it Lord, I humbly thee require
That it may have what is its soule desire,
Which is to dwell in thee my heavenly king,
And evermore thy worthy praises sing.
Lord keep me there, then I am sure to live,
And hearty thanks to thee shall ever give,
For all thy goodnesse freely given to me,
That am unworthy even to lift my eye (dwell,
Up to the heavens, the place where thou dost
Whose wond'rous works there is no tongue

No nor so much as th'wind which we do know,
Doth ore our heads and on us daily blow;
Yet cannot we with reason comprehend
From whence thou dost it daily please to send,
For he that seeks, or goeth about to find
The cause thereof, shall surely lose his wind,
And labour both; and therefore do thou fle
That thou submit whatsoe're he doth, to thee,
Unto the Lord, who made the heav'n & earth,
And all therein, even with his only breath.
O stay my soul, and there do thou admire
The wond'rous greatness of that flaming fire
Appear'd to Moses in the pillary cloud,
Which did his chosen children Israel shrowd,
Untill their sins stir'd up his heavy wrath:
And then he did as now (of late) he hath
Done to this Ile, wherein we wretched live,
To whom his goodnesse did such blessings give,
As never land on earth had more then we,
And yet of peace we (wretched) cannot gree.
So that the son's against the father's set,
And father he against the son doth fret;
And brother 'gainst his brother often warrs,
And so will not let fall these wofull jarrs,
Till God shall please that his most heavy hand
For to withdraw from o're this sinfull land;
And give us grace we may in hart repent,
And yeeld him thanks for his great blessings
Which we (unthankfull) did as yet forget:
And for that cause, each brother's blood is set

Against

Against it fall, like as did wicked *Cain*,
When as his brother *Abell* he had slain.
Sweet *Jesus* please to stay this thy sharp sword,
And stead thereof to send thy blessed word:
That thou thereby mayst beat down growing
The wane whereof hath doubtles only bin (sin
The real cause of this our mortall fewd, (creed.
Wch doubtless doth from our hard hearts proc
Sweet *Jesus* please to mollifie them so,
Like *Peter's* when he solely wept for woe:
Or like *Manasses* when he came be bound
By Ashurs host who fell upon the ground,
And gained pardon for his grievous sin,
Whereby with speed he was restor'd again
To *Jude's* crown, and it so long enjoy'd
Untill by death he was from thence destroy'd.
Sweet *Jesus* grant thao we have many such,
And then without doubt, it will help us much
To further peace, for which we daily pray,
That thou wilt please in thy great mercy stay
This sword of thine, and sheath it up again;
That we in peace may here hence now remain,
And live like loving brothers in this land,
Which thou hast kept with thine own pow'rfull hand,
From forein foes, tho now there be none such
As we our selves domestick ones by much.
Sweet *Jesus* help, good Lord we daily pray,
This bloody war of ours with speed to stay,
And put us once in happy peace again,
That we in peace may here hence now remain.

And praise thy name, and that incessantly
For giving us this bounteous great mercy;
And this must thou, and onely thou alone:
Or else Lord *Jesus*, other there is none
Can yeeld us help in this our greatest need:
For now is nothing can stand us in steed,
But onely thou; then come Lord *Jesu* come!
Or else deer God we are utterly all undone;
For them elected to the publique good
With purging ill have bred in some ill blood;
And ill weaker sex it is become so strong;
Tis doubtfull Lord the other sex to wrong,
So as between two are esteemed extream,
Most suffer much, tho they retain the mean;
For now there's no part of this wretched Ile,
Tho it enjoyed a blessed peace ere while:
But tis grown now unto a bloody war; (sad
For many a one thinks their honest neighbor
More quiet then he; and so with grief repines
At's neighbours good, and then his malice finds
Some hole or other in his neighbours coat
Tho the quarrel be but for one single groat:
To make complaint to them that are of power
To plunder him by strong hand in an houre
For some old wrong, as then but newly done
Perchance betwixt the Father and the Son.
O blessed Lord that this the *German* plunder (der
Which whilom was in peaceful *England* won
Should now so well with us be understood,
As any other usuall English word;

Whereby

Whereby revenge in *England*'s grown so rife,
It tends to take away non-nocents life:
For Satan o're this Ile bears such a sway,
As by his wiles he draweth many away
From thee that is their only God and King,
Who are rather bound thy worthy praises sing
For all thy goodnes to this wofull land,
Tho now at feel thy dreadfull heavy hand.
Sweet *Jesus* send some blessed Angel down,
To quell this hellish Satans furious frown;
And force him Lord, as thou was pleased then,
When he made suit he might go into th' swine,
Who hurled him headlong into the sea: (powr
Lord, drown him there, that he n're more have
To come within this spacious Ile more;
But we instead of blood may ly and groan
In brinish tears, and therein make our moan
To God on high, he will vouchsafe to please
This cruell war of ours with peace to cease;
And then that we who are true *English* all
May all one way on the name of *Jesus* call.
Vouchsafe good God, that we may so accord
In holy service of that heav'nly Lord:
As tho we differ some of us in part,
Yet we may all as one agree in heart:
And let our hearts good Lord in prai'r remain,
Left in our sins we wretched may be slain.
When worthies dare to stand, & look on death
Tho with that look, they lose their dearest
breath, Brave

Brave Britains keep your fortwon ancient fame
Least antient terrour turn to novell shame:
And since your valour cannot well be known
Untill by you some valourous act be done:
Then look your swords be sharpe for forreign foes
Whose joy's encreased by our cause of woe:
Left we bewaile this great effluxe of blood
When tis too late to do us any good:
And worthies all in time for death prepare
Since all in th'end shall fall unto death's share:
But look you still prefer an honourable death
Before a shamefull beastly cowardly life:
Seeing God alone the day of death doth know
But when or where, no earthly man can show.
O then lets pray, and that intessantly
To him that lives, and shall eternally.
Come let us sing, and all due praises give
To him that died, that we by him might live:
And alwayes yeeld praise to his holy name:
Who was, is now, and ay shall be the same.
O let us all with heart due praises sing,
To this our God and glorious heav'nly king:
Whose dwelling is above the heavens most high
Whereto the best of sinners come not nigh:
Whose heavy judgement is for to descend:
Since none come there but they who do ascend.
Then strive my soul, and do thou aye aspire
To keep thy self out of that irksome fire:
Which burns, and yet there is no light appears
But pain and grief, and dreadfull horrid fears.

Sweet

Sweet *Jesus* pleaſe to keep my ſoul from hence
And draw it up to th'high'ſt heavens that thence
I may have help; for without help from thee,
There is no comfort in extremitie: (pray
Then teach me Lord with heart & mouth to
That I in thee may ever live and ſtay;
And never more ſo wander up and down
From place to place, as I poor wretch have don
Sweet *Jesus* pleaſe to keep my ſoul with thee,
Or elſe dear God, I am ſure it cannot be
Kept ſafe on earth where that fierce dragon
And doth ſo dazle moſt of all mens eyes, (flies,
As few are able to behold the ſun,
Except it pleaſe the bleſſed Lord to come
And clear their ſight, that they with joy may ſee
There is no ſafety, but O Lord in thee.
Then come Lord *Jesus*, I thee humbly pray
And make my ſoul with thee to live and ſtay;
Or elſe good God, I can it no where hide;
Nor here on earth it cannot long abide,
Within this fleſhly manſion of mine,
Whereon the ſun hath never power to ſhine
But by thy leave, then let it Lord ſo be
That this thy ſun may pleaſe to ſhine on me;
And ſhield me ſafe from that common enemie,
Who doth envy both thee and them are thine;
From whom good God be pleas'd keep me and
We do not prove like to the *Gadarens*, (mine,
Forſake our Saviour for to ſave our means:

But teach us Lord that we may call to minde,
How 'fore all worlds thou laid and so assign'd
That man shou'd spend his life-time on this earth
Where he at first receiv'd his vital breath
And there should serve his maker God & Lord;
As is appointed in his holy Word.
That when this glasse on earth shall be out-run
Then doth an end (of all created) come;
And one land then against another rise;
And all men also arms shall exercise:
And yet as then shall sorrows but begin.
To them are clogged with their deadly sin:
For on this earth must be great tribulation
Before that dreadfull day of desolation;
When shall the glorious sun all darkned be,
And eke the moon, at that day none may see;
And the bright stars down from the sky shall fall
And powrs of heaven shal then be shaken all
Whereof our cannons thundring in the aire
With fiery flashes flaming out their fire
Which sends its smoak up to the starry skies
And not unlike to mighty clouds there flies;
And trumpets ecchoe sounding every where,
So as no place with us is thereof clear,
Are perfect types of that most dismal day,
When th' trump shal sound & loudly cal away
All souls on earth their bodies for to take;
And 'fore the Lamb a perfect reckoning make
Of each mans talent, which the Lord them lent,
And for which cause they all were hither sent.

And

And then there ſhall be loud and hideous cries
For hils to fall and cover them from th' eyes
Of him that doth both ſee and knoweth all
That on this earth was done or did befall
Since *Adams* time; for there is nothing can
Be hid from him that firſt did make this (man);
No not the ſecrets of the beſt mans heart,
Tho he the ſame did ne'r as yet impart
To any creature; for *Jehovah* he
Doth all things know & eke doth all things ſee,
This ſon of man whoſe glory ſhall appear
Above the clouds of heaven up in the aire;
Whoſe glorious greatneſſe then ſhal all men ſee
With thouſand millions in his companie,
Who ſhal collect from all the ſe the four winds
Whom s'ere have bin, even ſo as he them finds;
And then laid ope ſhall be a perfect Book
Wherein all fleſh ſhall freely thereon look
And each one ſee as it were in a glaſſe
His guilty conſcience telling what he was?
And then ſhall he ſet th'ſheep on his right hand
And keep his left ſide for the goatiſh band.
And then the King ſhall ſay unto the ſheep,
Come now and take the kingdom I do keep
For you that are the bleſſed of the Lord
Who willingly obey'd and heard his word:
And to the wicked, then the King ſhall ſay,
Go ye accurſed, and be you a pray
Unto the fire, which is in hell prepar'd
For curſed Satan, and his helliſh guard.

O horrid fear, beyond all other fears;
Whose force even plainly in the face appears,
VVhich sends its blood unto the secret heart,
VVho cals for help from every other part;
And leave the loins supporting so appal'd;
Like as if death on suddain had them cal'd;
And thereby they are all so fore afton'd,
As that they fall down flat upon the ground;
Where they do differ nought from fearful death,
But that as yet appears a parcell breath,
Which for a while a little life retains;
And in that passion death-like it remains;
Untill it please the King our blessed Lord
To say to me that comfortable word;
Come now thou blessed, hear O do thou hear,
What difference great between this joy & fear;
To the righthand men, come, o come you blesd
And to the lefthand, go, o go you curs'd:
O joy beyond all other heavenly joyes,
Which freeth the heart from all kind of anoys,
And is thereby so fully fild with gladnesse
That it expels from every part all sadnesse
And forceth them which even now fell aston'd
To leap for joy and skip above the ground:
And tho wth fear of late they look'd like death
Yet now with joy the're fild with store of breath,
And those parts which with sorrow then were dumb
Do now aloud (with joy) cry come Lord come,
O come sweet *Jesus*, I thee humbly pray,
Vouchsafe be pleased in my weak heart stay,

And ſtrengthen't ſo, as it may ever ſtand;
One of the bleſſed which are at thy right hand,
That I may there thy praiſes ever ſing,
Which o're the earth & all the heav'ns do ring.
O ſing my ſoul, and be thou never weary,
But in thy Saviour be thou alwayes merry;
And have a care no earthly joy remove
Thy fleſhly heart from th'heav'nly joy above:
But therein alwaies do thou take delight,
And in it ſpend thy time both day and night.
O let thy ſolace ever be therein,
And it will keep thee from all deadly ſin;
And teach thee loath all earthly things to love
And take delight in ſerving God above.
O love him love him, that thou dead maiſt live
And to thy Saviour be thou ſure to give,
All that which he hath freely given to thee:
And then ſhalt thou no doubt his ſervant bee.
O bleſſed Lord, where have I this while been;
Hath not my ſoul my ſweet'ſt Saviour ſeen:
Or, 'tis ſome viſion did to me appear,
Whereby it hath diſcovered (plainly) where
My Saviour ſitteth in his glorious throne,
And judgeth all on earth, himſelf alone;
And there pronounceth ſentence (come or go)
The only words of greateſt joy or wo
That ever came to any creatures ear,
To make a difference betwixt joy and fear. (ſee
And then ſhall ſheep and goats, both of them
What they have been, and what they now ſhall be.

This sort shall of future hope dispaire,
Any that other not so much as have a care
For their downfall, but aye shall sit and sing,
Even allelua to our heavenly king;
Whose final sentence and pronounc'd decree,
Shall firmly stand for all eternitie;
From which herehence there can be no appeal,
But all must then have either wo or weal.
O stay my soul a while and contemplate,
How far the cursed goats are separate
From the blessed sheep, who ever sit and sing
In th' glorious heaven the praises of their king;
But they from thence are headlong thrown a-
Down to hell pit, & therein made a pray (way
To th' ugly fiends, whose cheerful office is
For to deprave them of all heavenly blisse.
O let this horrid fearful sentence move
Thy soul to elevate it self above,
Up to the highest heavens, and there upon
Spend thou some time in deep contemplation;
And then no doubt to thee it will appear
What difference great between this joy and fear
O have a care that these two ne're depart;
But alwaies keep them close within thy heart;
And think upon them seriously day and night;
And they will teach thee keep thy way aright;
Forget them not when thou art in thy bed,
For they will cure a sick and troubled head
From all its grief, and further more then so,
They'l keep thee free from all eternall wo,

And be a means to bring thee to that blisse,
Whereas no doubt, but thy dead father is.
Stay there a while my soul, and do not range,
To think the things, whose nature may be
Or wh^ch to these two are impertinent, (strange
Lest they may prove to alter the intent
Of gaining that which is the souls desire,
To keep thee free from th' deep infernall fire,
That Tophet which God hath prepar'd of old,
Both deep and large, that it may sinners hold
The fuel wood which doth maintain that fire,
By great Jehovah, kindled in his ire (cometh,
By th' only breath which from this great God
And with fierce brimstone like a river runneth,
The strange effects whereof some say are such,
As differs far from all other fire in much;
For this wee'r sure its nature's extreme hot,
Theres some do hold the fire of hell is not:
This comforts like the Sun from Sion's hill,
But that burns souls who yet w^th cold are chil
This we do see doth cast a glorious light,
The fire of hell more dark then darkest night.
Though this be hot we can away from't turn,
But in that other sinners ever burn:
This fire on earth w^th water may be quenched
But that in hel not w^th the sea though drench-
The fuell here in time consumes away (ed.
But that in hel it never doth decay:
Here we receive great comfort by this fire,
But they in hell have nought they do desire,

All

All *Dives* wealth not worth one water drop;
Nor all on earth procure for meat one sop.
There souls desires are ay insatiate,
Without all ease, tho ne're so moderate;
There rules revenge with irefull anger raging,
Without all hope even of the least asswaging.
Here souls are free from bodies greatest pain;
But there the souls in torments aye remain.
Here greatest griefs are not without some ease;
There the tormenters rage doth never cease.
Here each sence hath its own particular grief;
There all do suffer without the least relief:
All sinfull souls are very sensible,
There is no light in't which is visible;
But think black darknes doth appear to th'ey,
And so shall do for all eternity.
Here all created shall in time decay;
But them in hell shall therein live for ay:
Death here's a salve for every kinde of sore;
But they doth life torment still more & more.
Here we desire to live, and yet we cannot,
But there to die, yet so decreed we may not.
Make use of this my soule, and fly from hence
Up to the heavens and take thy recompence,
For all thy service to thy Saviour done, (one
When thou with bread did'st feed the hungry
The naked cloath, and eke thy neighbour love
Then thou didst please thy Saviour, God above
Whose will is such, that thou shouldst ever do
So as thy self desir'st be done unto:

Then do it still, and it will keep them free
From future woe for all eternity.
Here stay a while my soul, and think of this.
What difference great between sad lore & blisse
And do reflect at present on thy self,
Who wholome was in good and perfect health,
And thy gird loins were all so firm and strong,
As they presume, that nought could do them
But leading out a fullen skittish Jade (wrong,
Tho having such provision therefore made,
As in mans judgement I was safe and free
From any danger of indempnitie,
When suddenly the horse did run about,
And with a fall my right hip he put out,
And I in danger was most imminent
To have had eath part from one another rent
But thare a stranger haply coming by,
Led by Gods spirit chancing me to spie.
God made a means whereby me to preserve
From sudden death which I did well deserve,
But that the Lord was pleas'd to give to me
A longer time, that I my sinnes might see,
And that of them I should in heart repent,
Which no doubt was the onely cause he sent
Me help from heaven and cur'd my heart again
But wretched I did still in sin remain,
Forgetting also this his mercy great,
Tho carefully his Judgement did me threat,
Presuming still that he would alwayes be,
As formerly he had been unto me,

Ev'n heaping blessings upon blessings still,
Tho sinfull I, did yet neglect his will;
and after that well nigh about a year,
Forgetting this, my gracious God to fear,
And being secure, as then was in my thought
From any danger could to me be brought;
VVhen suddenly did my most gentle horse,
Give me a fall, wch provd to me much worse
then th' other was, and also danger more,
But that God did as he had done before
VVith th' second fall, disjoynt my other hip
VVhen 'twas more danger wch that suden slip
T'have broke my neck, but that my gracious
Did in his mercy with his gentle rod
Me so correct as he before had done,
To try if I would yet unto him come,
And lest I should again now fall away
(As I had done) he forceth me to stay,
And in a room my body doth confine,
Yet sends his Son with comfort on't to shine
For day and night I have therein a fire,
And all things else I doin heart desire;
So as if now I shall again neglect
My gracious God, who doth me thus respect
And be so still, as I have hereto been,
Sleeping securely in all deadly sin,
Unmindfull also of his great blessings
In sparing me, and eke long sufferings,
And all things else whats ere belsring life,
A loyall loving, and a gentle wife;

And many children which are dutiful,
Obedient all, and also most thankfull,
All of them able, and most willing be
T'afford all kindnesse freely unto me,
So as my conscience telleth me now plain,
If I shall fall from this good God again,
I do deserve far worse then *Sodom* ever did,
In the dead sea for to be drown'd and hid,
And to the world a common by-word be,
There in that sea lies justly drowned he
Was so ungratefull to his gracious God,
Who did instead of his most heavy rod
Powr blessings upon blessings ev'n far more
Then erst was in my heart that time before
To ask of him O should hard stony heart
That's flinty grown in every sev'rall part,
Harder by much then th' hardest marble made,
Which neither gifts, nor any threats invade,
Nor yet those judgments God hath justly sent
On sinners such as did not then repent
So as my sin and justice now doth call
For vengeance great on me vile wretch to fall,
And if his mercy were not even much more,
And all his other Attributes before,
I do deserve in every minutes space,
To be cast out from off the manie face
Of this his earth whereon he hath me set,
To serve my God, whom I do still forget:
For every part of mine is set to sin,
And no part's free, but every sev'rall limb

Doth smite with these my wicked sinfull hearts
And each one doth performe his damn'd part
To further sin, for when did wretched I
Speak many words, but were without some lye
How often did I think but any thought,
Which had not in it something was nought
Yea often tending unto murther much,
Revenge or envy, or some vile vice such
As malice, lust, and other sin what not?
When as my Saviours sufferings are forgot
Then presently the wicked enimie is in,
And every severall part produces sin
Untill he please to let some Angell come,
And thrust this legion out his wonted roome
Sweet Jesus bind him, bind him blessed Lord,
As thou hast promis'd by thy sacred word
From all temptation for to keep them free
Who in tentation heartily come to thee
Now take me Lord, it is pleasd me safe to keep
Who for my sins have justly cause to weep
For Satans slights still deluded me,
By tempting me my utter enemies
Who doe with mee no what's ye ill,
That he by it my filthy soul may spill
Except thou please, good God vouchsafe me
Some help from heaven, and further to me lend
Thy holy spirit that it may comfort me,
In this the greatest of extremity
For he hath here to had on me such power,
As he hath drawn me from thee every hour

Vouchsafe good Lord he please'd take him away
That he do'nt come, to come any longer stay,
From thee my God, my helper and my King,
But that from hence I may for ever sing
Thy worthy praise for all thy blessings sent,
And by thy help my fruitfull life repent,
For wishous thee sweet Jesus I am nought,
Since Satan he hath my mind so wrought
As that no part thereof good Lord is free
From his most sleightfull guilefull gulleries,
Help Lord, help Lord, I on my knees do pray,
And keep me ever from out this satans way, che
For where thou art good Lord, there dare not
One to come near, near in thy sight to be,
Sweet Jesus please, vouchsafe to keep me there
That crafty Satan never come me near,
For if he shall, I know I have no pow'r
Within my self to shut him out of doors,
Except thou please good God the porter be,
And then away all hellish fiends will flees
For th' house that's built upon that stable rock,
Will bide all floods, and subtill Satans shock,
But mine is built upon the slippery sand,
Which fisher must be kept by Gods own hand,
Or else it shakes with every rising flood
Because th' foundation of it is not good,
Sweet Jesus please to fer this house of mine
Upon that rock where it may stand and shine,
And 'bide all floods, whats' re against it beat,
And ever force them from it to retreat.

Here

Here stay my soul upon this firm set rock,
Where thou art free from wicked Satans
And recollect thy self with joy and go (flocke
To th' Savior sweet who suffered so much woe,
To bring thee back to that most happy place,
VVhere thou maist live, if endued with grace.
My wandring thoughts be pleas'd good Lord to stay,
That they from henceforth never from thee
But always rest in thee both day & night, (stray
And ever more therein take their delight;
Sweet Jesu let them never wav'ring runne,
From place to place as hereto they have done;
But be thou pleas'd good God the mark to be,
VVhereat my thoughts may aim continually,
And tho sometimes they do both rove & roame,
Vouchsafe good Lord to be their only home;
For they in thee good God are onely blest,
And out of thee they're sure to have no rest,
For they are boundlesse ever when they stray
From thee their God, their comfort & their stay
Then thou my soul be sure build there thy nest
And let him build within thy bony breast,
VVhose presence onely's able to expell
Even all the fiends that do belong to hell;
O do thou make much of that blessed guest,
And alwayes love to have him in thy breast,
O bid him welcome there with all thy heart,
And then be sure, that thou shalt have a part,
And comfort great in his bitter sufferings
The very chiefest of those great blessings,

VVhich

Which he so freely hath bestowed on thee;
Untill this time from thy very infancy.
O yeeld him thanks, for they are well deserved
Tis he alone, who hath thy life preserved;
And saved the wretch from that eternal death,
Was due to thee, with th' first received breath.
O do not thou so much neglect him then,
Who these great blessings gave unto thee, when
Thou knew'st not from whence this goodness
But that his bounty was to thee the same came
That formerly it hath for ever beene
Tho thou didst live so long in mortal sin:
Now then repent, and do no longer stay;
For there's no greater danger then delay,
And that's all th' hope the cruel enemy hath,
To bring thy soule unto eternal death:
For all his other cunning gullery's seen;
And no delay by him doth interveen,
To keep thee still within his hellish power,
Who's danger's great, tho 't be but for 1. houre
O fly fond man, O fly and do not thou
Delude thy self, and unto Baal bow,
Who seeks thy ruine and thy overthrow
By this delution, which is now delay:
Whereby thine own heart doth it self bewray
That thou art guilty of that horrid sin,
Whereto thy conscience hath as yet not bin
Consenting, but hast even most wilfully
Forsaken him, who did for thee so dy.
O what a fearfull horrid thing is this?

To

To tell all hope of that eternal blisse,
For lesse by far then Esau got for his.
Stay there my soul and deeply contemplate
In what great danger now is thy estate;
Whereon dependeth thine eternal blisse,
Or else the losse of all true happinesse: Ponder,
And think how thou thy time on earth hast spent,
Which doubtless God hath onely to thee lent;
That thou in's service it should solely spend,
Since he ordain'd it for no other end.
And see how much thereof's already gone:
And how much now at most can be to come:
And how that's spent which is already past:
By which thou'lt have a good and perfect tast,
How much of it is drown'd and gone in sleep;
And what thou didst for sinfull pleasure keep:
And what in deadly sin by thee committed:
What in good deeds by thee likewise omitted:
And then I fear that thou wilt quickly finde,
Thou hast misspent this time was so assigned
For th'onely service of thy Saviour;
Whose part, I fear, will prove but very poor.
Then think how now to call this time again,
Which wretch'd thou hast spent solong in vain
And what years yet are left to thee behinde,
Wherein be sure thy sins must be redeem'd;
And then th'wilt see that it will well appear
Ther's hardly one week left for one whol year
Tho God should please to thee so many lend,
As he to most men doth not use to send.

Then

Then call to mind what now is to be done;
When as thy dayes are almoſt all out run.
And what is paſt already ſpent in ſin;
So thou art ſtill but now for to begin;
To ſerve thy God, and alſo to repent;
And yeild him thanks for his great bleſſings ſent
And ſatisfaction muſt be likewiſe made
Before all debts by thee be duly paid.
O then my ſoul caſt up a perfect count,
To what a ſum thy ſeverall ſins will mount;
And what is alſo due for them (of right)
Before thy ſoul can enter into light;
And then thy heart will bleed within for wo
And eyes with ſorrow then will overflow
With briniſh floods of tears for to regain
This time of thine, w^ch thou haſt ſpent in vain:
And think what now there is, w^ch muſt be done,
And how long time can be for it to come,
And then thy heart will certaintly relent
Which hitherto could ne're find time repent:
Or if it did, 'twas by and by even done,
With the firſt occaſion that did offer come:
So as in me, there's nothing that is good,
Or thereunto of any likelihood;
To keep me there where I deſire to be,
With thee alone deer God alone with thee,
Sweet *Jeſus* pleaſe to call and call again,
That I in thee may evermore remain;
And think how I my time have lew'dly ſpent,
And then there's hope (if ſo) I may repent.

But come Lord *Jesus* come, I humbly pray,
That I in thee may ever live and stay,
And evermore thy worthy praises sing
Of thee my God, my hope and heavenly king,
And in thy service ever take delight,
And therein spend my time both day & night.
Bide there my soule, and call again to minde,
How much there's yet left of thy life behinde;
And think how *Judas* did himself repent,
And yet to hell (no doubt) was *Judas* sent.
And do not thou my soul conceive it so,
That short repentance can keep thee from wo:
For thou that all thy life time hast now spent,
In Satans service with thy hearts content: (pa
Canst thou conceive that one hours time sha
For many years, which thou hast gone astray.
O do not thou my soul presume that he
Who hath spent all his time on earth in glee
And following this vile wicked world where
He hath known nothing but was wicked sin;
Shall leap from hell, as tho indeed it were
A thing of nothing for to get out there;
And thence above the highest heavens to fly
As if all parts were either thought or ey,
And if they were yet thou dost know a Lake
Which *Dives* was not able to overtake;
But thou wilt say, that that most blessed thief
Did obtain heaven by his but short belief.
'Tis true indeed, yet know that he's but one
Because Gods pleasure was that there should

Presume too far, nor yet have cause despair;
Yet doubtlesse they in most great danger are,
Who do defer this great accompt to make
Before the houre that God's about to take
The soule from out the fleshly corps, and then
Thou'lt make a vow like to the best of men;
And promise fair, but search thy heart and see,
If thou canst finde the theefs true faith in thee;
Or if it were, that was a time of wonder,
When all the earth was in a kinde of blunder.
Or, if thou hast that king *Manasses* grief
For his offence, examine thy belief;
If such, there's hope, thou may'st thy Saviour (win
(So thou repent) for to remit thy sin:
But have a care (my soule) not to delay
This reckoning till that doleful day:
For be assured that great accompts
Must have great time to cast them up;
And therefore thou my silly soule be sure
Thou do not now delay the present cure,
Of this thy wound which doubtlesse mortal is,
But that thy Saviour promis'd heavenly blisse
To all of them that with the Bridgroom come;
Yet want of oil, thou know'st, did shut out some
And he that did in ground his talent hide,
I am afraid did not the reckoning bide.
O deer my soul, have care make use of such;
And then no doubt 'twil help thy reckoning.
And do not thou as traitor *Judas* did (much
Despair of grace, and so his talent hid;

Nor do not thou presume of the blest'd theife,
Least thou can't shew the blessed theif's belief
But do thou do as good *Manasses* did;
Or like to him that other king *David*,
Who wept with grief and on the ground did lie
And to their Saviour made such earnest cry,
That he them hard and granted to them all
For what soe're they in their hearts did call.
O follow, follow, these wise kings my heart,
And to this good God, thou thy grief impart:
Importune him with thy loud earnest cry;
And then fear not thy suite he'l not deny;
Make thou good use of these two godly kings,
For uses good, are ever goodly things:
Examples always are before us set,
Of what is good, that they may good beget;
And what is ill, that we may all forsake:
And so of all things we may good use make.
O thou my soul, make some stay here a while,
And walk along with these two kings a mile;
Thou'lt find they were most grievous sinners both;
Yet both became their grievous sins to loath:
Follow their steps, and thou shalt surely finde,
In them a mirrour of a godly minde;
For God himself did to the world impart,
Th'one was a man according Gods own heart
Then follow him, yet do not follow in all,
For fear of this, lest in thy sin thou fall;
And being in it cannot rise again (slain.
And then thou art sure thou shalt there in be

In

In that thy ſin, but have a care take
His better part, and it will ever make
Thee love thy Lord with a moſt joyfull heart;
And with thy ſoul, and every other part:
And each of them ſhal with the reſt comply;
Then all will joyn to love the Deity,
And in his ſervice take their chief delight,
And therein ſpend their time both day & night
O do thou love to live as *David* did;
For tho his ſins were ſuch could not be hid:
Yet he did ſo repent him of the ſame,
As kept him free from all eternal blame,
And brought him back to enjoy that happy bliſs
Where (without doubt) his bleſſed ſoul now is.
Then do thou ſtrive to follow this good king;
And he wil teach thee how that thou ſhold ſing
His ſongs are ſweet, then do thou uſe them oft,
For they will make thy ſoul to mount a loft.
Then ſing my ſoul, and now lets jovial be,
Becauſe here's now choice of good company:
And keep thee alwaies with ſuch company ſtil,
Yet eſchew none but them are counted ill,
Seeing ſuch are aye the very worſt of men;
For they will draw the ſoul to ſin even then,
When better thoughts are muſing in thy minde
Then do but mark and thou ſhalt ſurely finde
In ſuch no good, and further thou ſhalt ſee
Abundant harms come of ill company:
But yet when ſuch cannot be well eſchewed,
By their example be then renewed.

Unto thy former thought of God again,
And by that means, let all that's ill remain,
And To there may good use be made of ill,
My soul have care that thou observe this still.
And if thou intend for to retain this good,
Then go aside, that thou maist chew the cud,
For meat in stomack will not well digest,
If 't be not chew'd, before it come in breast.
Then think good thoughts, and be thou thinking oft,
For they wil make thy heart within thee soft,
Such jaculations thou my soul may'st use
Here on this earth, where most of men do muse
On earthly things, and all their chiefest care,
Is how to spend, and sometimes how to spare.
Yet not their time, but ev'n their worldly wealth,
And oftentimes it tends not to their health,
Here stay my heart, and make good use of this,
And it may help to bring thy soul to blisse,
For all such meats, as do not th' pallate please
Go seldome down the throat with any ease,
And now me think I hear thee say thou fears
That God will not be moved with thy tears,
And that thou hast not time sufficient,
Wherein thou may'st thy sinfull life repent,
For that thy sinnes are grown to such a height
As they'r become ev'n numberlesse for weight,
And they are still encreased every day,
So as from sin I wretched cannot stay,
For all my thoughts are such my sin increase,
And they from ranging cannot be made cease

For they ne'r rest upon one stable theam,
But when I sleep, then they do wake and dream
And tho I do n't affect this augurisme,
Because it tendeth plainly unto augurisme:
Yet do I think I have not so esteemed
Of all strange things whereon I often dreamed,
As they deserve to have place in my mind,
For by observance I do in them find
There is good use if it be well apply'd
By him desires in God he may abide;
For I perceive my thoughts in sleeping such,
As do not differ from my waking much,
For then ev'n then, when I do what I can,
They'l not be guided by this fleshly man,
Do but observe when two or three are met,
And for to make a meal of meat are set,
How many severalls they will treat upon,
Yet n're a word of Jesus passion, (utter'd
Beside some wandring thoughts are then not
But in each brest in private there's smotherd,
Wch to set down would doubtles troublesome
To one in that of memory were wel seen (bin
So as I see my thoughts are without end, (send
Till God shall please some bounders to them
As well in day time, as in deepest sleep,
Except it please our Saviour them to keep,
Who's onely knowing whatso're is thought,
Or into mind, or day or night is brought,
And doubtles he doth sometimes them direct,
That they might us from death or such protect

If we were able but to apprehend
The secrets which such dreams do comprehend
For *Pharaoh's* servants their dreams sure were
As in mans judgment did not differ much (such
Yet did Jehovah put in *Josephs* heart,
The truth to either of their dreams impart,
So as the Butler was restor'd again,
And th' Baker he was put to hanging pain,
And *Pharaoh's* dreams could no south-sayer expound,
Yet *Joseph* did, tho th' mystery were profound;
And *Josephs* own dreams, he be'ng yet but yong
Did God ordain his fathers life prolong:
And *Pilates* wife was certainly inspir'd,
If *Pilate* had his help from heaven requir'd,
For tho expounding be not in mans pow'r,
Without the help of our blest Saviour;
Yet doubtlesse he that doth observe but well
May by his dreams be able somethings tell,
Whereby he can conceive the cause t' be such
As in this pilgrimage his journy may help
For tho that I in breast do often find (much
Dreames are much diff'ring from my inward
Yet I conceive I may of them make use (mind
And such as shall Gods service not abuse,
If I have but that heav'nly happy grace,
For to retain some better in their place,
For I perceive observance may be such,
As that the use may make or mar all much,
Since whilome I have of my hunting dreamed,
Whereby I saw, I hunting more esteemed

Then fitting was, when I considered well:
That such excesse did draw down towards hell:
And sometimes other pleasures have so pleas'd,
As in my dreams my heart was thereby eased;
Yet when I see what was thereof the end;
And knew it was the enemy did them send;
I then begun to check my idle thought,
And cal to mind why they to me were brought
Sometimes I see that in my sleeping dreams
I'm drawn away by some strange idle theams;
And then awaked begin to call to minde,
How such vain toyes I in my head should finde.
When my desire is that some better thought
Should by the spirit of God to me be brought;
And for that purpose then begin to pray,
That God will please these wandring thoughts
And settle them upon his onely Son, (to stay;
Till he vouchsafe to let his kingdome come.
Sometimes my dreams they are of better things;
Yet not so good, as that which Angels sings:
And then for them I give my God the praise
That he was pleas'd my thoughts so hiely raise
In hope thereby I might receive some good;
Because of it's retaining likelyhood.
I often dream of things I cannot think,
Why they should come into my brain to sink;
And some which I did never hear before,
Nor can of them remember any more, (minde,
When they have once past through my fickle
They often leave not any track behinde.

So as I see by that my sins bide still;
Yea though it be even much against my will:
For sure my soul desires partake of blisse;
And to be there where my sweet Saviour is:
Yet still within my claie breast I finde,
Somethings averse unto my inward minde.
So I observe it is not in my power
Them to restrain, no not for one half hour;
Nor keep them there, where I wish they should
Which is deer God wth thee deer God with thee
Except thou please good Lord to keep th m so,
As they shall never here hence from thee go.
Then keep me Lord, & shield me with thy wing
That under it I may thy praises sing:
For out of thee good God, there is no rest;
Nor any safety in my fleshly brest;
For flesh and blood cannot in them contain
The thoughts are hourly hatched in my brain,
Which rovening run and reel from side to side,
And on no good thing they'l be drawn abide.
Sweet *Jesus* please to bounder them in thee;
Or else they'l not be bundered for me,
But wander often quite without my reach;
Which sometime causeth in my soul a breach;
For that by force I cannot them retain,
That they in thee might evermore remain:
Call them good Lord, and do them firmly bind
That I may know with thee I shall them finde.
For no occasion ever comes amisse
To draw my mind from th heavenly king o

O glorious king, vouchsafe it so command,
My thoughts b guided by thine own right
For it alone must either make them stay (hand
Or else good God they'l not be drawn obay,
My silly soul within me drooping lies;
And without help good Lord in hell it dies.
Then help Lord help & let help come wth speed
To rouse this soul that lieth wth grief half dead
And of its health it justly might despair,
But that it knows my Saviour is so neer.
Yea neerer much then th'hart of man can ween,
But that his wonders have on earth been seen,
To save his chosen elect children all;
When in red Sea did wicked *Pharaoh* fall,
With all his host, and yet did Gods own hand
Bring his elect safe y to the land,
Whose way was after guided by a cloud,
And hunger staid by heavenly Angels food
In th'wildernesse, where they did feel no cold,
Nor yet their cloaths did wear or waxen old;
And had a river brought out of the rock,
In great abundance with a little knock:
An Angel ever guiding them their way, (stay
From all annoy, wheres'ere God les'd they
And when o're all the face of earth was night,
Then did the cloud afford to them good light;
And yet even they for who's own onely sake,
That great Jehovah did these wonders make,
Which they beheld with their own fleshly eyes:
And many more as great besides all these

Did they forget to bear them in their mind,
Tho in their breſts they might them eaſily find
Whereof they were themſelves eye witneſſes.
Yet when the Lord did but a while leave theſe,
Tho they were theſe the choſen and elect,
Whom he alone did to himſelf ſelect,
Even them that were the ſeed of Iſrael,
'Gainſt this good God did traiterouſly rebell,
And toully too from him did fall away,
Who was their ſole preſerver and their ſtay,
Unto a God which their own hands did make,
And this their kind and loving Lord forſake.
O ſtay my ſoule with raviſhment admire,
That God ſent not from heav'n conſuming fire
To burn them all from off the face of earth;
Whoſe horrid ſins deſerved horrid death;
Yet did this good Lord this vile deed forgive,
And on repentance ſuffer them to live,
And all thoſe bleſſings they do ſtill enjoy,
Whereby he freed them from all kind annoy.
O think, O think, and do thou think again,
What weakneſſe did in theſe weak men remain,
Who left their God, and that ſo ſuddenly
When he left them awhile their ſtrength to try.
May it be poſſible that there 's any can
Conceive ſuch weakneſſe in this creature man
Whom God was pleas'd, ſo far before the reſt,
Of all he made this man hath onely bleſt,
With a precious ſoul, in ſome is reaſonable,
Thou of it ſelf, it ſelf is far unable

To

To guide it self by that its reasons power,
If God shall please to leave it one hal hour.
Were these that seed the chosen of the Lord,
Who said his wonders also heard his word,
And all of them in compass of their sight;
Yea more apparent then the sun so bright,
Least that impression in their inward minde,
Could not be hid, but Satan made them blinde;
For mortall eyes can have no power of sight,
When God's away by who they have their light
Since that the serpent he did make them so,
As of themselvs nothing thats good they know
And what is ill they ever like and love,
But all thats good it comes from God above.
Now rest my soul and keep the ever there,
Where thou art freed from al this worldly care
And of his wonders do thou contemplate,
VVho doth thee thus poor soul illuminate
With these good thoughts, O do thou them re-
And let them alwaies w^th thee stil remain
For they will banish those hy thoughts are ill,
Which often use restrain thee of thy will,
And bring thee this great God and Lord to love
Who sends al good things frō the heav'n above
And doth them likewise plentifully bestow
On such as are his servants here below,
Then drooping soul do thou in me revive:
Now rouse thy self, and do begin to live,
For with Gods help thou maist safely say
That cheerful hope hath driven dispair away.

Then

Then put thy trust in him alone that lives,
And able is and also freely gives,
Even all good things unto all them that crave;
And do desire of him good things to have;
Then fast and pray my soul and do repent,
And give God thanks for his great blessings sent
And then of mercy the deepest sinners sure
For that his mercy doth for aie endure,
From age to age to all of them beleeve
That he for them his dearest life did give:
Make use of this his bounteous great mercy,
Bestowed on them deserved well to dy;
Besides the blessings he them freely gave,
The like whereof no other Nation have,
Nor ever had, but only them alone;
For he such blessings ever gave to none:
Besides his wonders they did daily see,
For to preserve them from idemphitie:
And yet from him ungratefull these did fall
And worshipp'd worse then that th' painted wal
And wilfully this gracious God forsake;
Who loving yet did them in mercy take
From dangerous case, which was most desperate;
But that their God himself thereby them sate.
Then live by hope and do thou leave to fear,
Since God no doubt is all his servants neer
That trust in him, then faithfully do so
My soule, and live, and to him freely go:
But stagger not my soul, nor do not think
As Peter did for fear that he should sink.

When

When Christ his Master walked on the Sea,
Whom his Disciples did afar off see;
And *Peter* pray'd him that he might do so,
Then God him call'd, and will'd him so to do.
With that did *Peter* leap out of the boat,
And walked along aloft the Seas on foot,
Untill the winde did cause a little wave;
And then cry'd *Peter*, good Lord do me save:
To whom did *Jesus* then put forth his hand,
And so brought *Peter* safe again to land.
Now thou my soul observe here *Peter*'s faith
With willing minde to do what's Mr. saith,
Leap into Sea without delay or fear,
Because he saw his Master was so neer;
And then his want of faith when as he sawe,
His body like to sink with a little wawe;
And then his prayer to that blessed Lord,
Who did preserve him by his onely word:
Observe my soul this passage seriously,
There's in it great and deep divinity;
The Apostles being in a Ship aboard,
Upon the Sea they did espy their Lord;
But not discerning that it should be he,
They said it is some spirit which we do see;
But he well knowing this their cause of fear:
He cryed to them, and said tis I sh re;
And then when *Peter* did his Master know,
He did intreat that he might to him go;
Desirous greatly to be him more nye,
Whom at some distance he did then espie.

And

And so by that it did right well appear,
His faith had then abandoned all fear;
For when his Master cryed, and bid him come,
He did not then delay his time (as some
Do use to do) but suddenly he leaped down
Into the deep sea, and yet did not drown;
But on the same did stand aloft upright,
For then his Saviour was within his sight;
His faith well knowing that there is none can
Sink where there is that b'essed Son of man.
And now his faith here hoist him up aloft,
So as it bore him on the water soft;
As if it had bin on the Sea dry sh a e,
Because had faith his body then upboare;
And so presuming still that he had faith,
Which was sufficient for to keep him safe,
He went on boldly untill that he sawe
A puft of wind did raise a little wawe,
And then his faith begun within him fail;
For faith in flesh is oftentimes but fraile;
And being let but even a little down
Within the Sea, which now begun to frown;
His faith was then turn'd into white pale fear,
Although his Saviour was hard by then neer.
And then did *Peter* with himself thus think
Without some help I shall be sure to sink,
And knowing well where help did onely ly
He to his Saviour did addresse his cry;
So he ne're sought for help at th'wooden boat,
Although she were hard by, on Sea a float.

But

But on his Saviour ſolely ſet his eye,
And cryed help Lord, help Lord, or elſe I dye;
And then his Lord did reach to him his hand,
And bid him boldly on the water ſtand;
But yet reproved him, and thus to him ſaith.
O wretched thou can'ſt have ſo little faith;
Why did thou doubt, for ſurely thou doſt know
My power doth reach unto the deeps below,
And out of them I'm able thee to fetch,
If't be my pleaſure, O thou faithleſſe wretch
Who haſt ſo long been in thy Maſter ſchool,
And yet doſt ſhow thy ſelf to be a fool:
Canſt thou forget to think what *Jonas* did,
When in the Whales wide belly he was hid,
Or when the Sea did make it ſelf a wall,
To ſave all them who on my name did call;
Or *Jordan* deep (was made like to a ſand)
To bring mine over, as on hard dry land.
Then ſet thy ſelf to go to ſchool again;
And do thou learn where all help doth remain
That thou mayeſt not be likened unto them
Who never ſeek for Chriſt but onely then
When they have need, and then aloud they cry,
Help Lord, help Lord, or I am ſure to dye.
Stay here my ſoule a while and meditate,
And with thy ſelf a little thus debate:
Can it be poſſible that *Peter* ſaw
His own good Maſter, yet did not him knaw;
His thoughts ſure then were not with him at home
When he did not remember him on whom

His heart was alwayes bent to think upon,
Which was on Christ, and onely him alone
To serve with zeal untill his dying day
Which as he did, good Lord grant that I may
But when at last he did his Master know,
His humble heart did then begin to bow,
And prayed that he might safely come to him,
To whom before he had vow'd every lim,
Whom God accepted and strait bid him come,
Sweet *Jesus* grant that it may be my doom:
Then he neglected all that brittle hope
Of help might rise out of the wooden Boat;
Or yet by active laboring of the lim,
Tho he were skilfull on the water swim;
Or any other help from earth may rise
For by such earthly helps there's many dies.
But putting all his trust upon the Lord,
Who to him now had only said the word,
Without all fear of greatest danger he,
Did boldly leap into the raging Sea,
Which stood as tho't had been a rock of stone
For God himself and onely he alone
Was able, and the sea did so command.
And then did *Peter* light as on a Sand,
And walk'd along from imminent danger free
As on safe ground untill that proudly he
Presuming faith in his own power too much
For this presumption overthrows all such
As on their own strength onely do relye,
If that their Saviour please not to be nye.

For

For when the winde begun a little blow,
And force the ſea to riſe and make a ſhow,
As if it ment to ſwallow *Peter* in:
Then *Peters* faith begun to fail with him,
And he in lieu of faith had then ſome fear,
When as the Sea forbore him up to bear;
And he begun on it a little ſink,
He then himſelf did of ſome help bethink
To ſave himſelf, for death was ſurely there,
But that his Saviour did even then appear,
To whom with zeal he did himſelf addreſſe,
And prai'd him pleaſ he wold vouchſafe to bleſ
Him with ſome help; or elſe without it he
Might ſurely ſink into the raging Sea. (heart,
Now God well knowing th'ſorrow was in's
VVch did it ſelf to his Saviour Chriſt impart
He did with ſpeed ſtretch forth to him his hand
And bid him boldly on the water ſtand.
Obleſſed Lord that thou ſhould alwayes be
So ne're to them that put their truſt in thee,
Although their ſins do prove be ne're ſo great,
If they from them do but in heart retreat,
And turn again and to their Saviour go,
VVho is onely able, and ſaith no man no.
And then had *Peter* ſtrength of faith again,
So long as he in *Jeſus* did remain,
And ſafely ſtood on th' wavering ſea upright,
Becauſe he then was in his Saviours ſight.
Now do thou think what joy was *Peter* in
VVhen he repented of his faithleſſe ſin.

For God did hear him then most willingly
At the very first when he did on him cry,
O blessed Lord be pleas'd vouchsafe to be
On all occasions so ne're unto me,
As that this Legion thou may'st please to rout;
Wch my weak strength OLord cannot keep out
For he hath hereto had on me such power,
As he still haunts me every day and houre:
Yea when my heart is set resolved to serve
My God and king even then I do observe
He's bustling hard within my bony breast,
And will not let my silly soule take rest.
O thou blind soul which art not able see,
VVhere God is not, no good rest there can be.
The cause I fear thou hast at all no faith:
Since faith is such as our sweet Saviour saith,
Tis able make the greatest mountain move,
Except thou canst procure it from above,
Sweet Jesus help, this want of faith in me
Is so apparent unto every eye,
As each observer may discover well,
That by my actions I intend for hell;
Since my faith is not like to *Peters* tho,
He saw his Master, yet did not him know;
Nor when he seem'd in sea a little sink.
He well discern'd it and of help did think:
Nor when he durst not on the deep sea go
Untill his Master did command him so,
Or when as he his Master did forswear,
Because his heart was troubled then with fear.

Nor

Nor when his Maſter he did diſobay
In ſleeping then when his Maſter bid him pray;
For tho he did not know him at firſt ſight,
He heard his voice and apprehended right;
And when in Sea he did a little ſink,
He had hope rais'd him to the waters brink,
And when he durſt not on the deep Sea go
He had faith to think that he might well do ſo
And tho his Maſter he did thrice deny,
He did it through the fleſh infirmity.
And when for praying he did fall a ſleep,
It was becauſe his Saviour did him keep.
O wretched beaſt look in thy breaſt thou'lt ſee
That thine to his is infidelitie.
Confeſſe a truth, doſt thou thy Saviour know,
I fear thy heart within thee will ſay no: (ſee
Perchance thou'lt ſay thou could if ſhould him
O ſhameleſſe man, then there's no faith in thee,
Since thou didſt ſee him nail'd upon the croſs,
For to refine thee from thy ſinfull droſſe.
May be thou'lt ſay that thou did not him hear;
Tis true indeed, or elſe thou wouldſt forbear
To peirce his ſide with every ſeverall ſin,
Which like to darts thou freely throws at him
O wretch, O wretch, haſt thou a heart to think
If thou like *Peter* in the Sea ſhould ſink,
That thou hadſt faith to raiſe thee up again,
Thy conſcience tels thee thou ſhalt there re-
And deeper far then that the deepeſt Sea, (main
Where ſeeming faith wil ſtand for no goodplea

Then

Then have a face and faith for to confesse,
Thy sins are such as well deserve no lesse;
And then there's hope, thou hast some faith in thee
Be pleased good God vouchsafe this faith to me
Speak conscience speak durst t' on deep Sea go?
I fear thy heart will tell thee truly no;
But thou wilt say thy Saviour did not call;
Then hast t'not seen him nail'd on crosse at all
For if thou didst, thou might both hear and see
Him search his arms and loudly calling he,
Yea thee by name, If thou wilt but confesse
Thy sins are such as well deserve no lesse:
Say so my heart, and thereof do repent, (sent
And then thou'lt see that Christ for thee was
Now speak a truth, hast thou not Christ forsworn,
Or canst thou say that he for thee was born?
I fear that truth will in thee justifie
Thou dost thy Saviour every houre deny;
For tho he call, and call, and call again;
Yet doth thy heart even still in sin remain,
And tho sometimes thou dost behold his blood
Thou canst not say it doth thee any good:
For thou at his loud cry forbears to come,
Sweet *Jesus* grant that word may be my doom;
Speak on thou cõscience, hast thou Christ obeyd
Thou'lt say thou hast him oftentimes denayd
And slept in sin when Christ was not the keeper
Peter's was great but thy sin much the greater;
His Saviour then was praying hard for him
And now for thee, yet thou'lt not leave thy sin,

Tho

Tho *Peter*'s fault were much againſt his mind,
Yet thou to Satan art in heart ſo kind,
As thou wilt follow him tho that Chriſt ſay no
Bleſſed Jeſus free me from this word of *Go*...
And now do thine with *Peter*'s faith compare
Thou'lt ſay thy ſelf that they much diffring are
And ſo much differ will thy conſcience ſay,
As white from blak, or this word yea from nay
For if thou couldſt do th'leaſt what *Peter* did,
Then might thou ſay faith in thy hart was hid
But tho thou ſay that thou haſt faith in thee:
Yet I fear none nor thou thy ſelf doſt 't ſee,
For that Chriſt ſaith tis gift of God above,
And them that have it mountains can remove,
Which is well known thou art not able do.
Then cry for help of him who can do ſo,
For want of faith is cauſe of all thy ſin.
Then break thy heart that faith may enter in;
For broken hearts are they will win the crown
Then break thy heart& beat preſumtion down
For this preſumption cauſeth many a ſin,
In hope of time for to repent them of in.
Beware of Satan ſuch he often uſeth,
And with ſuch ſhifts fond man he oft abuſeth;
Then fly this fiend, and fear to come him nye,
For he is ſubtill and in carriage ſly;
And doth delight in ranging th' earth about:
Then hide thee from him leſt he find thee out;
And do thou ſtrive to mount thy ſelf aloft,
And make thy prayers to thy Saviour oft,

That

That he will thee, and thy poor ſoul ſafe keep,
Both when th'rt waking, and when thou doſt ſleep.
For except he pleaſe vouchſafe to ſet the ſcout,
Thou art not able keep the enemie out:
Then pleaſe good God to me ſome angel ſend,
VVhom thou thinkſt good to my ſafeguard commend,
He that did father *Abrahams* ſervant guide,
When he went forth a wife for to provide
For's maſter *Iſaack*, or did *Lot* preſerve
From *Sodoms* plague, which it did ſo deſerve,
Or he that open'd *Peter* th' iron gate,
When ſurely death was doom'd to be his fate,
Or one of them our Saviour ſaid did keep,
Theſe little ones as his beloved ſheep,
Or whom thou pleaſe to my ſafeguard command
For to preſerve me out of Satans hand,
Sweet Jeſus keep me, keep me Lord this day
From all tentation I thee humbly pray,
For Satans rage encreaſeth every where,
Becauſe the gen'rall Judgement draweth near,
Or elſe that honeſt angel *Raphael*,
Whoſe company holp that yong *Tobias* well,
But doubtleſſe *Tobies* heart was firmly bent
For to obey that ſtrict commandement
His father gave him long before his death,
Wch was that he while there was in him breath
Should alwayes ſet the Lord before his eyes.
And that his will ſhould ever ſin deſpiſe.
And he ſhall aye obſerve the Lords commands,
And duly labour with his fleſhly hands,

And true and juſt in all his doings prove,
For ſuch are they whom God doth onely love
Then to their actions he will ſurely ſend
A proſperous and a good ſucceſſefull end;
And have a care thou freely alms do give,
For ſo muſt they that do intend to live,
Enjoy where is their bleſſed Saviour;
For none come there that do not pity th' poor
Seeing alms is eſteemed a goodly gift
Before th' moſt high to them that uſe to give't.
From filthy whoredome do thou ſafely keep,
For all ſuch ſins wil cauſe thy ſoul to weep.
Let no mans wages with thee longer ſtay,
But have a care each labourer duly pay:
Beſure thou alwayes to an other doe,
So as thy ſelf deſires be done unto;
Beware thou do not drink till thou be drunk
For many ſuch great ſins to hell are ſunk.
And be not ſlow to give the hungry bread,
Nor cloths to them that do of cloths ſtand ned
Take counſel alwayes of them that are wiſe
In giving counſel be not too preciſe,
And of thy mother look to have a care,
For ſurely ſhe for thee hath had her ſhare;
And be thou ſure thou do not take a wife,
Mongſt theſe where I am forced lead my life;
And look thou duly do obſerve my will
As thou'lt accompt on bleſſed *Sion*'s hill;
Where no excuſe for plea will be accepted,
Nor no mans perſon for his wealth reſpected,

But onely such as feek and ſerve the Lord,
And in their lives have care to keep his word:
And fear not tho God ſuffer thee made poor,
So long as Chriſt thy Saviour's at the door.
If thou doſt fear him and doſt fly from ſin,
Then do not doubt he'l keep thy ſoul within.
Then young *Tobias* to his father ſaid,
That this his will in all ſhould be obeyed;
Then th'old man ſaid that he had talents ten
In *Gabaels* hand, who dwelt at *Ragues* then,
And will'd him ſearch if he could find a man,
Might guide him th'way to *Ragues* if he can;
Then *Raphael* he with young *Tobias* met,
And told him he was able there him ſet;
For he did know that land *Media* well,
And the way to *Ragues*, he could alſo tell;
Then he that *Raphael* to his father brought,
And ſaid that he had found who he had ſought.
Then th'old man did deſire his name
And kindred both which was the very ſame
Even with his own, and then they both agree
For a guide a day, and alſo to have bread
And meat beſide, and ſuch proviſion
As ſhould be made for *Tobie* his own ſon.
And if you make to me a ſafe return,
I'le add ſome more for your good ſervice done.
And now proviſion being ready made
For that great journey th'old man to him ſaid,
On Gods name go, and I ſhall daily pray
That God will ſend ſome Angel guide you

But then the mother she begun to weep
For her great grief she could no longer keep,
And wisht the silver might be rather lost
Then they should be at any further cost;
But chiefly sorrowed for her only son,
For want of whom they utterly were undone;
But th'old man willd his wife to be content:
For he well hoped they had no cause repent.
And then the mother left her sorrowing,
And with the father fell to hearty praying.
The travelers now being well set on their way,
Ne'r Tygres flood they meant one night to stay
Where in young *Toby* went himself to wash,
And out the river leaped up a Fish;
And *Raphael* willed him to put in's hand,
And take the fish and bring it safe to land;
And take out of it Liver, Heart and Gall,
And keep them safe for that these three were all
Good for some use, & then they broild the fish
Which proved to them a curious dainty dish;
Then on they went the way towards *Ecbatane*
Where they intended one night to remain;
And travelling *Toby* to his servant said,
Why is it we have this provision made?
To keep these intrails I have with me here,
I wish to know for what good use they were.
Then *Raphael* said, pray Sir observe wth care
How God did these for your great good prepare.
The Heart and Liver are by nature such,
As if an ill sp'rite do but trouble much,

Broile these upon a little pretty fire
And they will quench with speed the spirits ire,
And do but rub the Gall upon the eyes
Of them are troubled with the whitish skies
Will cure the same and make them very bright,
And so by that means gain again the sight.
And the servant he unto his Master said,
Our journey now is almost well nye made;
And we shall this night lodge with *Raguel*
Who's of thy blood and kindred, I can tell
And hath no children, but one daughter who
Is vertuous, fair, and wise, and loving too;
And there is none for ought that I do know
Can marry her but even onely thou:
For I am sure by th' law of *Moses* she
Of right belongeth solely unto thee.
And when we're there, I'le move her father t'it,
And do not doubt but he'l be willing t'it.
And then unto him *Toby* did reply,
I doubt dear *Raphuel* I shall surely dye
If I shall but unto her chamber go,
For of a truth I hard reported so,
That she seven husbands hath already had
And all of them dyed in the brideall-bed:
And my own parents have no children more
But onely me, and if so be therefore
It be my fortune in this country dye,
Or in this journey for to miscarry.
I fear my parents shall such sorrow have
As will with grief bring them unto their grave

Then

Then *Raphuel* he to his Master thus reply'd,
Tis true indeed there have so many dy'd;
But do not fear for thou hast means to fray
That wicked spirit, and force him fly away:
And thou dost know that tis thy fathers minde
Thou should bestow thy self in thy own kinde;
Then let no cause of fear possesse thy heart,
But chearfully perform the Bridgrooms part,
For this night will the match consumate be;
And this night will the Bride be given to thee;
And when thou comest into the bridall room,
Take imbers hot, and thereon make perfume
Of this the Heart and Liver of the fish,
And fear not all shall be as thou would wish.
But look before you do your selves addresse
To go to bed, pray God he may you blesse,
And all your acts, and look you thankful be
For his great goodness he hath given to thee;
And do not fear for th'ill spirit hath no power
To trouble you or yours for one half hour;
And I suppose your wife shall then conceive,
And many children may she happily have
By whom you shal be greatly comforted, (dead
When your owne parents may perchance be
Then *Tobye* did begin to feel in part,
How he did love the maiden in his heart;
And when they came unto their *Raguels* place,
Did comely *Sarah* meet them in the face;
And when with joy they had saluted her,
She prayed them please go in to her fathers

And then did *Raguel* say unto his wife,
This is our kinsman I dare lay my life;
And quest'on'd them frō whence, & what they,
They answered him captives at *Ninive*,
And of the tribe is called *Nephtalim*;
Then *Raguel* said and did reply to him,
Thou art my kinsman, pray thee when didst see
That old man *Toby* in what health is he?
My father is (thank God) in health full right,
But that said he, he hath onely lost his sight.
Then *Raguel* fell to kissing him and wept,
And he and his for present joy all leapt,
And then in haste did cause to kill a Ram,
And much meat more there was to th'table cam
Then *Toby*'s heart was set on fire to love
That comely *Sara* by the God above,
And spoke to *Raphuel* he would make it known,
For he well hop'd that now she was his own.
Then *Raphuel* he unto her father said;
I beseech you sir be pleased bestow this maid
Upon your kinsman that young *Toby* there
And greatly doth desire to marry her.
Then *Raguel* said indeed it was so meet,
And will'd them they should merry be and eat,
And then did he begin to them relate,
Of her seven husbands all the former fate,
Wherewith was *Toby* nought at all dismaid,
But pray'd him please he would eat in the maid
For he had vowed he would not eat nor drink
Until the contract were made sure with ink.

Then

Then *Raguel* called his daughter *Sara* in,
And freely gave the damsell unto him,
To whom indeed she did belong of right (sight
And pray'd to God that they might live in's
And for more blessings prai'd he with his heart,
And divers secrets did to them impart.
Then *Raguel* call'd upon his wife *Edna*,
And to her thus he then begun to say,
Wife I have give our daughter *Sara* there
To this our kinsman that young *Toby* here,
And do expect that you will be content;
And eke our daughter *Sara*'s free consent,
To wch they both of them most willing were:
So was the match with speed consumate there,
And took a book, and then the contract writ,
As by their custom it was ever fit;
And then he will'd his wife for to provide
A fitting chamber for the Groom and Bride,
Wherein there was a fire and all things meet,
Which were beseeming for the marriage night,
And then the mother did lead in the Bride,
And stay'd a while by her daughter *Sara*'s side,
Who then begun with sorrow shed some tears,
Her heart being full remembring former fears:
But now the mother willed her be content,
For that this man without all doubt was sent
From God above, who promised to defend
Both him and his from that same wicked fiend
Who was accustom'd and had haunted there,
And therefore will'd her sorrow to forbear.

And

And ſuddenly the Groom ſhe then eſpies,
And wiped the tears from off her cheeks & eyes
And when they had conducted in th'bridgroom
Into that ſtately ſumptuous bridall room,
Where *Sara* th'bride and eke her mother were
He will'd them both they would be of good cheer,
For th'ſpirit *Aſmodeus* had no power
To trouble them or theirs for any more;
Since that the God of heav'n & earth had ſaid,
That he ſhould be eſpouſed to that maid;
And alſo promis'd he would them defend
From all tentation unto their lives end.
Wherewith was *Raguel* in his heart ſo pleaſed
As that all grief was thereby ſuddenly eaſed;
And when the old folks had their children bleſt,
They took their leaves and then themſelves addreſt,
To pray to God & when their pra'rs were done
They dig'd a grave for their new married ſon,
Who now had made a little fire of coales,
Thereon the Heart and Liver both he broiles
From which proceeded ſuch a mighty ſmell,
As drove the ſpirit down to th'deepeſt hell;
Where he is bound, and ne're hereafter ſhall
Return again to do them any ill.
And then they both on knees by their bed ſide,
Kneel on the ground, & thus to God they praid
O bleſſed Lord who hath made heav'n & earth,
And all therein, even by thine only breath;
And to our father *Adam* gave his life,
And alſo *Eve* for helper and a wife:

And thou O Lord in whom we onely trust
Know'ſt we meet not for any fleſhly luſt,
But even in thee O Lord to live and ſtay;
And thy commands for ever to obay,
To this good God be pleaſed to ſay amen,
And to their bed they did betake them then.
Now when the night was wel nigh paſt & done
Then *Raguel* ſent a maid to ſee his ſon,
And bring him word if they were yet in life;
And then did he impart unto his wife
That if he now like to the other died,
He would him privily in that grave ſo hide,
That none might notice take of ſuch a thing,
Leaſt ill report abroad might thereof ring;
And when the maid return'd who went to ſee,
She told her Maſter both aſleep they bee:
Then *Raguel* caus'd with ſpeed to fill the grave,
And praiſed that good God, that to him gave
Even ſuch a ſon as did the Devil o'rcome,
And ſhut him out of that the marriage room;
And when the day begun to dawn they then
Do all rejoyce and call unto their men;
And made proviſion for a ſumptuous feaſt
Whereto was ſlaughtered many a goodly beaſt,
And thereof dainties was not any ſcant;
Nor change of wines at that feaſt was no want:
Yet none of them were there compel'd to drink
More then for health was fiting they good think
And this feaſt laſted full for fourteen dayes,
Wherein they'r jovial and ſing worthy praiſes

To God our Saviour and our onely king;
And mongſt their mirth his praiſes alwaies ſing
Now ſtay a while and leave theſe feaſters here,
To praiſe their God, and yet to eat good chear,
And let me view the face of this our time,
How it is alter'd from it was in prime;
And therein doubtleſſe nothing is it better'd;
As if that man in it were nothing letter'd:
But tho our language give to time the blame;
Time doth not alter, but is ſtill the ſame
It was at firſt, and ſuch are creatures all
And ſtations keep whereto God did them call
And therein they each in their ſeverall kinde,
Obſerve his law according to his minde;
And all of them do in a ſort rejoyce, (voice,
And praiſe their God both with the heart and
Save onely man this wretched ſinful man,
Who leaves all good and doth all th'ill he can
And yet for him and onely for his ſake,
Did the creator all theſe creatures make;
And great *Jehovah* further more then this,
Gave unto man a power to live in bliſſe,
Till wretched he more worſe then all the reſt
Did diſobey his God who had him bleſt;
And hid himſelf, and did his God forſake,
And againſt him with's enemy did partake;
And for an Apple ſold his happy ſtate.
O wretch that bought thy bain at ſuch a rate;
Yet this good God whoſ goodnes doth abound
Was loath to leave this man without a ground

Whereby he might repaire his state again,
If he will but in's service yet remain,
And call on him who is his Saviour,
And doth desire his coming every hour: (curse
But th' creature man doth still partake of th'
And as we say oft-time, grow worse and worse
For men at first as I in scripture read, (bread,
When friends did meet were wel content with
With bread alone they're joviall and do sing
The worthy praises of their heavenly king;
And then their drink was suiting to their meat
They had no change but all one kind did eat:
And yet their mirth above the skies did mount;
Altho their drink were water from the fount
And afterwards I read, when friends did meet
With th' fatted Calf or Kid they kindly greet
One friend another and are well content
To sing his praise who these great blessings sent
In after times I see they eat good chear,
And many dayes of feasting as is there,
At *Cana's* mariage where no doubt was love,
And thereof doubtlesse did their God approve,
As by his blessings on them doth appear,
They served God altho they eat good chear;
But present times are truly said none such,
For that from these they differ more then much
For now tho sometime we do make a feast,
Whereto we happily kill a little beast;
Perchance a fowl or some such other thing,
Yet we forget his worthy praises sing.

Seeing our discourse is most part idle chat,
Without so much as mention once of that
Whereon we always ought to think upon,
Which is on Christ his bitter passion;
And such feasts now are seldome with us used,
But other feasts where God is much abused:
Yet neither meat nor bread is there required,
But onely drink and drink alone desired;
But tis not water, as in elder time,
But salt in some, and in some other lime,
To add a relish to the taste of mault,
Whereby they not discerning it be salt:
The stomack still desireth more and more;
For thirst not so content with reason store
Will not be quenched til from words to blows
And meeting friends they often part like foes.
Good God that our feasts should thus differ far
Begin in freindship, yet to end in war:
And now we alter in our time of feasting,
And are some say to turn it into fasting;
And good cause why if so we weigh it well,
When hardly any who's his friend can tell
But in the south part of this wretched Ile,
We us'd to feast in Christmas time ere while;
And then again in Lent we us'd to fast,
In some sort till full forty daies were past
Our antients they about Lent differ'd much;
But twas not time, but twas the meat made such
And all of them bid forty dayes agreed;
For fasting next before Pasche so decreed:

But

But some do hold no such decree is fit,
But better feast, then fast we think on it,
If this were all the matter were not much,
But now the difference is become be such,
As we shal hardly know when Christ was born
Or when he dy'd, the times are now so torn,
Sweet Jesus please to be at *Englands* fasting,
As thou wast pleas'd to be at *Cana's* feasting
For there no doubt was feasting well approved
Of him who ought of all be best beloved.
And now let's back to th' feast at *Echatane*,
And see what's come of them did there remain,
For *Raguel* swore by that great God above,
Till th' feast was done his children should not move,
And then they should have half of what he had
And then return to *Niniveh* without dread.
Then *Tobie* he his servant did intreat,
To go to *Rages*, and there he should meet
With *Gabael* and with him also bring
Both him and th' silver to that great wedding,
Which so he did, and when the time was run,
Old *Tobie* did expect his sons return,
And sorrowed sore, for that he greatly feared,
Some strange disaster had to's son appeared,
Because his stay did prove to be so long
Beyond the time expected he should come,
And *Anna* wept and sorrow'd very sore,
Much sorer far, then e'r she did before,
And every day she went and stood on high,
To see if she her son afar could spie,

And

And all that time she did forbear her meat,
And well nigh nothing, that while did she eat,
Her wonted sleep her eyes did quite forbear,
And she almost had lost her sight for fear,
And now did *Tobie* 'gin to think upon
his journey when the feast was almost done,
And pray'd his father he would let him go,
For fear his parents might be dead for woe,
Then *Raguel* parted all his goodly store,
And gave him half of what he had: nd more,
His goods his servant, and his ready coyn
Th'one half he had, and it was all his own,
Then *Raguel* he unto yong *Tobie* said, (made,
My God who heav'n and earth and all things
Blesse thee and thine, and do to them and thee,
As he hath done both unto mine and me,
And to his daughter then he also said,
God make thee wife, as thou hast been a maid,
Obedient ever to thy parents all,
And then fear not, but good shall thee befall,
If thou do prove to be a loyall wife,
God will defend thee during all thy life,
And then did *Raguel* and his wife *Edna*
Take leave of them and set them on their way,
And so they went with singing forth his praise
Who did so highly their great fortunes raise
Untill they came near unto *Ninivie*,
And then did *Raphael* speak to yong *Tobie*,
That they two might alone march on before,
And leave the rest to come along with th' store,

And

And went so far till *Anna* them espi'd,
And then she ran and to her husband cry'd,
Our son is coming, him I do well see,
And eke the man that went along with hee.
And then she back again to meet her son,
And pray'd to God that his wil might be done
And thank'd him heart'ly she saw him indeed,
Whom she thought surely, that he had bin dead
Old *Tobie* also he did offer out,
But that his son did turn him round about,
And pray'd him please to do as he had done,
Bestow his blessing on his onely son,
My son said he, pray God he may thee blesse,
And bid him welcome with a hearty kisse,
Then *Tobie* put gall on his fathers eyes,
Which pricked sore, and then old *Tobie* cries,
But then yong *Tobie* to his father said,
Take comfort Sir, and be no whit afraid,
I hope your sight shall straight return again,
With that he cur'd his scaly eyes amain,
And then he saw his loving son and said,
All glory be to that great God that made
The highest heavens, and all that in them is,
Him let us laud, and his name ever blisse,
Then son to father did at large relate
What they had done, and also their estate:
Then *Tobie* out his daughter *Sara* meet,
And did her see and also kindly greet;
So now there was great joy in *Nineuee*,
The yong man safe, and th' old man also see,

And

And there they made another goodly feaſt,
Which did ndure for full ſeven dayes at leaſt,
Wherat was both great comp'ny & great chear
So as it did thereby right well appear
That *Sara* was a very welcome gueſt,
And ſo accounted and eſteem'd with th' beſt
So many came on purpoſe viſit her,
Which was great joy unto her old father;
And when the feaſt came to be well nigh done,
The old man ſaid unto the yong, his ſon,
What wages now muſt we for him provide,
Hath been your ſervant, and ſo good a guide,
And then the ſon unto the father ſaid,
We by his means ſo happy a journey made,
As I think half of what we have in ſtore
Is little enough, if it were ſo much more,
With all my heart, the old man then repli'd,
For he hath prov'd to us a bleſſed guide.
I am content he ſhall have half we have,
And more then half, if he do more but crave,
Then call him in, and know what is his mind,
Since he hath prov'd to us ſo firm a friend,
Then *Tobie* call'd, and *Raphael* he obey'd,
And then unto him, thus the old man ſaid,
We know not how we ſhall your pains repay,
But half we have do take with you away,
It is your own, for we do freely give it,
And more then half if you but pleaſe to have it
Then he repli'd give unto God the praiſe,
For he alone it was that did you raiſe,

And

And he alone it was did this great thing,
Then give you thanks all, and his praises sing.
For I am but that Harpist one of th' seven
His holy Angels wait on him in heaven,
And did present to him your liberall alms,
And praises which you sung to him in Psalms,
So I am only but the instrument,
'Tis he alone, who hath sent to you sent,
That I might shew to you his wonders great;
For he as yet did ne'r take any meat,
Although it seem'd indeed to you to eat:
And therefore now give unto God the praise,
And do you laud his holy name alwayes,
And fast and pray, from praying do not lin,
That he may keep you from all grievous sin,
And let your alms be suting to your store,
Of less give less, and then of more give more;
And have a care you to him thankfull be
For these great blessings he bestowed on ye,
And ne'r cease singing praise to him for evermore,
Who is so free giver of your plenteous store,
Him serve, him praise, him do you ever fear,
And then will he unto your prayers give eare,
And nothing will this good God now deny,
Then praising praise to him that sits on high
And look that you do all these wonders write,
And so did he depart out of their sight,
Then they down on their bended knees did fall
And on the name of th' only God did call.

That he would please continue his blessing still,
If so it might stand with his blessed will
And all their lives his praises they do sing,
Whose wondrous works o'r all the earth do ring
And thankfull are for blessings he doth send,
And so continue unto their lives end.
Observe my soul, what was old *Tobies* care,
To teach his son the way how to prepare
Unto the place which he in heart desired,
The place was heav'n, & heav'n alone required:
And for direction left his son his Will
To guide him th' way unto Mount Sions hill;
For it appears by that his will it self,
He car'd not much for any worldly pelf,
So he got heaven he sought not any more,
For he held that ev'n sufficient store, (wealth
But few such now, when most of men seek
And more respect it then they do their health,
Since want doth make most poore men be dejected
And worldly wealth most rich to be respected.
But then my soul tho God have made thee poore
Fear not to want seeing Christ is at thy doore,
And will come in, if thou wilt but provide
An upright heart that he may there abide
For he not likes nor loves for to be there
Where th' heart lives not within its Saviour,
But if he find a heart which proveth such,
Then that heart he respecteth very much,
And loves it dearly and will't surely keep
As one of those his well beloved sheep.

Here

Here ſtay my ſoul, for here is perfect love,
Which cometh ſolely from Jehova 'bove
Then gain this love, whats'ere it may thee coſt,
For this love doth of all concern thee moſt,
Make uſe of this, and here my ſoul obſerve,
What love it is which doth a man preſerve,
Not love of wealth as ſome men uſe to ſay,
Nor yet of health, as moſt do uſe to pray,
No nor of peace which all the earth deſire,
When war hath ſet this wicked world on fire,
But peace of conſcience that is aye the beſt,
And that my ſoul hold thou worth all the reſt,
And doubtleſſe that ſhalt thou thy ſelf obtain,
And in that peace ſhalt all thy life remain,
Untill thou change this life on earth, and then
No doubt but this thy ſoul ſhal obtain heav'n.
There ſtay my ſoul, and there ſet up thy reſt,
For heaven of all homes is th' onely beſt,
And if thou canſt though dearly purchaſe that,
No King on earth is ſeis'd of ſuch a ſtate;
Then lay out all thou haſt for that rich field,
Where hidden treaſure lieth unreveal'd,
It matters nothing though thou haſt no more,
Thou ſhalt be rich, althothou beeſt made poore
Stay there my ſoul, & do not here hence range,
But think of heav'n, and of this earthly change
VVhoſe ſoul though bounder'd here on earth with clay,
Know then no bounders that this ſoul can ſtay
O what a weakneſſe doth abide in me (be!
Cannot conceive, what this thing ſoul ſhould

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And in that peace ſhalt all thy life remain,
Untill thou change this life on earth, and then
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Cannot conceive, what this thing ſoul ſhould

Which ought all other parts in me controul;
Yet cannot my wit circumscribe this soul:
Which I well know I have in me somewhere
Within my corps, yet do not I know where:
Though each sence have its several seat beget,
Yet do not I know which is my souls seat,
Whereby I see that I my self am such,
And weaker far then most of men by much,
Since I with all that little wit I have,
Where my soul is I can it not conceive,
For I can neither see, nor yet it feel,
Nor taste nor hear, nor yet it scent or smell,
Still am assur'd, and do right well it see,
That I have now a living soul in me,
And I do further perfectly it feel,
And chiefest care is for its onely weal,
I do it likewise in me also taste,
And loth I am it should within me waste,
I well observe, my living soul I hear
Pray unto God that it may live in's fear,
And many a time in soul I use to smell
A scent of sin when as it is not well,
O what a strange and hard *Enigma*'s this, (bliss
Which none doth know, but only th' God of
For he alone did it unto me give.
And by him onely it in me doth live,
For he had power to have made me a stone,
And then a soul had I had in me none,
Or if he'd pleas'd he might made me a tree,
Nor then had been a living soul in me,

But

But he infus'd into this clayie frame
A living Soul within his pleasing name
I hope with joy shall to him go again,
And with him ever shall in joy remain,
And then I hope my weary soul shall rest
In him alone, by whom 'tis onely blest,
O blessed Lord, which did to me it give,
Grant it may ever in thy service live
One of that glorious heav'nly Angels quire,
And then shall I have what I do desire;
For there my soul in soul desires to be
Where it shall live in joy eternallie,
Within the presence of that heav'nly King,
And to him alwayes alleluja sing,
Then sing my soul, and give to God the praise!
Who hath defended thee and thine alwayes,
And if thou'lt but apply thy senses there,
Unto them then thy Saviour will appear,
And shew to thee his bitter wounds and blood
VVhich he endur'd for thine eternall good,
VVhereof he left to thee a monument,
Thou may'st behold that blessed Sacrament,
For fear that thou thy Saviour shouldst forget,
He in thy sight before thy face hath set
A perfect signe to th' eyes is visible
Of inward grace which is invisible,
VVhere sences all are fully satisfi'd,
If that his passion he by faith appli'd
O blessed feast where all are call'd to eat,
That heav'nly meat and that spirituall meat,

VVhich

VVhich only's good, but yet to them alone
VVho come prepar'd wth wedding garment on
Then grant good God, that I may ever have,
This glorious garment when I do receive
This food of life, wch thou art pleas'd to give
To all of them that in the Lord do live,
VVhich in them breeds a fervent spiritual love
To thee their Saviour, and their God above,
Sweet Jesus please to feed me with that food,
That I do ne'r forget thee nor thy blood, (dure
Nor those the bloudy wounds thou didst en-
My silly soul death-sick of sin to cure,
Grant gracious God that I do n're forget
Thy bitter passion, but before me set
The cruell torment thou endur'dst for me,
Of all mankind a wretch most unworthy,
Sweet Jesus please to send I humbly pray
Thy holy spirit, may guide me on my way
Which narrow is, and few there be it finde,
For all men are by nature born be blind, (in
And follow th' broad & that plain street where
All such do tread as traffick in their sin,
Dear God lead me out of that pleasing way,
Let me good Lord, no longer in it stay;
And then shall I with good King *David* sing
The praises due to th' glorious heav'nly King
Who hath so blessed me and them are mine,
As I wel hope good God we are al thine, (prove
Grant gracious God, that wee may thankfull
For these thy blessings, & that bountefous love,

And

And e're acknowledge them to come from thee
Who hath so freely given them unto me.
Grant me that grace good God, I humbly pray,
That I do never from thee go astray,
But alwayes love and honour thee aright,
Being not unmindfull I am in thy sight:
That of thy creatures I may make good use,
And their right end I no way do abuse
As some men do, who put their whole delight
In heaping up of gold which is not right:
And some there be delight so much in wealth,
The care of it doth take away their health;
And some again do love their wealth to spend
Far faster then God pleaseth it to send:
And some are such so carefull are to keep,
That fear of losing often breake their sleeps;
And some delight in living miserly
To be esteemed rich when they do die;
And some there are do to their children give,
The state whereon themselves have need to live;
And there be some have wealth & proudly live,
Yet will their hearts nought to their children give,
Some spend their time and all their means at drink,
And best bestow'd as they themselves do think.
Some love their horses as they do their lives,
And some their friends before their loial wives
There's some do love their hawks beyond their
And some again that do delite in hounds [bounds
Good God that man these creatures should abuse
Which thou created onely for mans use;

The

The several sorts of which do well declare.
What several uses of each of them are.
The Messet dandled in the ladies lap,
Which she doth use with silken mantle nap.
The shepheards Cur which he is careful keep
To hound together his straggling fearful sheep.
The Irish Shark is toss'd and taught to waite
At's Masters elbow looking for a bait.
This country Cur doth let his Master know,
If thieves in night about his house do go.
That Mungrel he doth take the harmfull swine,
And dull him soundly (so he be not mine.)
The nimble Tumbler with his sudden turn
Will take the Rabbet turning at her urne.
The pretty Spaniel (with fond) will quickly teach
The harmlesse Hare to keep one of her reaches.
The stately Greyhound that seem to scorn
To runne at what which doth not carry horne.
The Mastife he will look after his Beef
And the house full if he be not pleased therewith.
The Water-spaniel doth give great
Doth fetch and bring what he can get.
The Water-spaniel doth fine sport make,
In pond if there be Duck or Drake.
The little Tarrier that doth love to lie
Where he doth hear the Conies play.
The merry Beagle that doth hunting run,
The merry Hare till hob death he come.

The fleet-hound he doth follow th' game so fast,
The chase some time doth but a little last,
The well-mouth'd hound doth use his master tell
Where th'game doth go by sound of his deep bell.
O blessed God, that thou should'st make all these,
Mans several fancies with delight to please;
And satisfie his wearied senses so,
As yields him joy some times in stead of woe,
And his dull spirits so to recreate
With gladness, such as might well animate
A thankless creature thankfull for to prove
Vnto this God, this God of peace and love,
Who greatly doth desire most lovingly
This creature man should serve him chearfully:
For God doth like and love a chearful heart,
And plenteously he doth perform his part
To draw this man, this most ungrateful man,
Who of himself no good at all he can,
To serve his God with so much more delight,
If these his blessings he doe use aright,
And in his pleasures alwayes meditate
And with himself thus with himself debate.
How are my labours with my pleasure eased,
How have my senses all of them been pleased?
How senseless I of my laborious pain
Endur'd with ease my pleasures to obtain?
Although my wearied limbs right well do know
My pains were more then I of them make show;
And if my pleasure had not so well proved,
I think my pains should not so well been loved.

For I doe find my pleasure to be such,
As feeling it, I feel my sorrows much;
And though my pleasure doth in height abound,
What profit to me doth thereby redound?
For now my pleasure it is past and gone,
And sense of it there now remaineth none.
To what end then have I took all this pain?
For some end sure, though it be not for gain.
If God saw all things he had made were good,
Then th'use thereof it seems by likelihood,
Is that which bringeth either joy or woe;
For th'end is it which alwayes makes it so.
And have I then right end thereof observed,
And its right use have I therein preserved?
Hath my delight been always moderate,
And hath my tongue been also temperate?
Have I done this for to preserve my health,
And have I therein injur'd no mans wealth?
Have I in me a heart that is upright,
Being ever mindfull I am in Gods sight?
Have I for these his blessings thankfull bin,
In th'use of them did I commit no sin?
Can I forget whence the wind doth blow,
'Tis wind that doth support me here below?
Did I lift up my heart to God on hie,
Whence the heavens above I did descrie?
Have I observ'd the fairest flowers to fade,
And yet forget why I my self was made?
Did I see weeds and store of thistles grow,
And not remember th'cause why they did so?

Have I this day cast up this dayes account,
To what a sum my several sins will mount?
What have I took such pains my God to serve,
As now I have my health for to preserve?
And if thou dost in really intend
That thou wilt solely in his service spend,
Then mayst thou say with safety that thou hast
This time so spent not to be spent in waste:
And give him thanks that he hath so thee blest,
As thou mayst now go home and take thy rest.
For man ought not to idleness be given,
Without all doubt in idleness is sin;
Since all that labour that doe look to live,
Or else God will to them no blessing give:
For to the curse God himself doth add,
Ith' sweat of brows that man should eat his bread:
And though that all men labour not with th' hand,
Yet all doe labour with th' unstable mind:
For its condition is not so be idle,
And therefore care for it to keep a bridle;
Lest th' mind doe run out of that narrow way
Wherein thou dost desire thy thought should stay;
For man doth love to keep the plainest street,
Which broad and beaten is with many feet.
And then make use of this thy harmless pleasure,
Since God hath blessed thee with so much treasure,
And given thee time a perfect reck'ning make
Before death come thy life away to take.
This blessed time, if thou wilt so but use it;
And cursed also, if thou dost abuse it.

For its the use makes difference of the day,
And different uses doe the most men sway
Without respect what may be the right end
For which God did to thee this pleasure send:
But thou my soule have care not to forget
The end for which thou here on earth wast set;
And always keep it constantly in mind,
And then feare not but thou shalt ever find
Good use of all things this good God hath sent;
Then use thy pleasure without discontent.
And be not thou unmindful to minate
Of that which doth in time determinate
Both them and thee, and that ere long thou must
From whence thou cam'st return to be but dust.
And think my soule, and think of this again,
The end for which thou dost now earthly man
Within this fleshly crazie coupt of thine
Which of it selfe even daily doth decline
Unto the earth from whence at first it came,
For th'end of all flesh ever is the same:
Observe this end, and hence be thou sure
That on this earth thou canst not long endure:
And then must thou a perfect reck'ning make
Of this thy pleasure which thou here didst take:
O make that reck'ning here upon this earth,
Lest death doe come and take away thy breath,
And then thy corps unto its dust must go,
But thou my soule be sure must not do so;
For thou shalt then receive thy final doom,
Which grant good God it may to me be *Come*.

O ſtay my ſoul, and do thou think of this,
For in it is thine everlasting bliſs:
O think of this, and think thou think'ſt right,
And think on't ſtill, think on't both day and night:
For now thy pleaſure is come unto an end,
And thou my ſoul muſt now thy doom attend:
Then now, O now, do thou this teaching take,
And to thy Saviour thee thy ſelf betake;
Who willingly was pleas'd for thee to die,
That thou for him mightſt live eternally:
O live in him, and do him ever love,
Thy Saviour ſweet, who is in heaven above:
Let all thy thoughts on him alone attend,
Thy labours then I know will only end
O happy end of all thine earthly pain,
Whereby thy heavenly Saviour thou doſt gain:
He will make all thine labours but light,
Who always love to dwell with him delight.
Live there my ſoul, and ſo thou mayſt be ſure
Thy life ſhall then for evermore endure,
In height of joy, and blisful happineſs,
The very eſſence of all bleſſed neſs:
Stay here my ſoul, and do thou now admire
The joyes of that moſt glorious heavenly quire,
Where Angels always ſinging ſpiritual hymns
Th'Archangels and the bleſſed Seraphims
Continually do praiſe his holy name,
Who was, is now, and aye ſhall be the ſame:
There mount my ſoul, and do thou ever ſtay
'Mongſt them in heaven, whoſe joys do ne'r decay,

Nor yet admit of that the Soule decreaſe,
But ever live in ſight of the Shoar of peace:
Then pray to him that he will pleaſe to ſend
His peace to thee for world without all end:
And do thou always give him praiſe therefore,
From this time forth, and ſo for evermore.
But ſtay my ſoul, remember ere thou can
Aſcend, thou muſt ſhake off this thing call'd man;
This caſe of thine, wherein thy ſoul doth breath,
And leav't behind unto this earth beneath,
Where it ſhall reap ſuch ſeed as it hath ſown,
Th'end of all fleſh, which is corruption;
Whereby in fears this thing is call'd pale death,
Becauſe it only takes away mans breath:
For man's of nothing on earth ſenſible,
But that which is on earth corruptible:
And ſo it comes that he doth nothing fear,
But that which he ſhould moſt deſire;
For death is ſuch, and only terrible
To him whoſe conſcience lives unſatisfied:
The labouring man likes well to go to reſt,
The weary traveller haſtes to his Inne in haſte,
The mariner ſtrives to get within the port,
Yet if there proud in it to hide for fear,
And have no friend, then he hath cauſe to fear,
And with greater fear he will enter there:
The toiled traveller likewiſe fears his hoſt,
Where the vile villain ſhame and rule the roſt:
The weary laborer doth not like that bed
Wherein he knows an ugly toad hath bred:

The heathen they did much desire their death,
Because they knew not th' Author of their breath;
For it they held to be their chiefest good,
Because that God they had not understood:
For they did dream that when this life was done,
That th'end of all things was already come.
But thou my soul, I 'm sure thou knowest more,
Thou know'st thou hast a loving Saviour,
Who conquer'd death, and of himself 't orecame,
That thou through him might likwise do the same.
Ask but thy conscience, it will freely tell thee
When death comes what it is that shal befall thee:
For though thy conscience now securely sleep,
'Gainst th'day of death it will thee waking keep:
Then be not thou like to the Libertine,
Who guls himself with saying, All is mine;
Come eat and drink, and now let's merry be,
When morrow comes then we shall surely die.
But yet when death doth to him come indeed,
Then this mans fear a deep despair doth breed;
And he to death, as that King *Ahab* did
Unto *Elias*, thinking he was hid,
Hast found me out! O fearful! than, O than
Comes death most dreadful to the dying man.
But thou my soul, thou know'st th' assured way
To make this death thy only happiest day,
If that thy porters be not lull'd asleep
Whilst they these outer gates of thine should keep
And suffer thieves at them to enter in,
Who'll steal thy good, and leave behind thy sin.

Then

Then watch and pray, and for thou waking keep,
And fast and pray, and so prevent thou sleep:
And then let death come when as God shal please,
Can do no hurt, but do to thee great ease;
For then shalt thou from earthly labours rest,
And live with whom thou shalt be ever blest.
Live there my soul, and then thou needst not care,
Come life, come death, to thee both equal are.
The fool would fain he might do that at last,
Which the wise-man thinks fit be done at first:
For that thinks time is ever in his will,
But this doth know that time is going still;
Seeing if man sleeps, this time it doth not rest,
But still keeps pace, and flieth on full fast:
For though that all men are ordain'd to die,
Yet none know when, or where 'tis they must lie:
Man stands in need, prepare for death, and will not;
But death wil com to this man when he would not:
And such may well be likened to a beast,
Who's feeding fat like this man at a feast,
Till th'slaughter-axe give him his fatal blow,
And then his stubborn heart begins to bow,
Yet struggles hard this death-stroke to resist,
But now too late he mourns our had I wist.
For all of life we very careful are,
But for this death we not at all prepare:
So many come this death-stroke to abide,
Before they do themselves for death provide;
And then are they to go to learn to die,
When death appeareth palpably in th'eye.

Then

Then willingly doe thou perform that part,
Which needs thou must, doe't be against thy heart:
And thou my soul do thou in thy youth dayes,
Remember death, for so the Wise-man sayes:
Before that those thy ill dayes come along,
For then thou'lt sing another sorrowful song:
When age and sickness both of them appear,
Thou hast no power good councel then to hear,
But heart and mind are both so harmed hence
With age and sickness, they are void of sense.
Is this a time then to prepare for death,
When 'tis a burthen heavy to have breath?
When Doctor physick for thee doth prescribe,
And Lawyer he is going with his bribe,
And Parish-Parson for thy soul doth pray,
And friends & neighbours round about thee lay,
And wife and children sadly weeping are,
Content of death to take from thee a share,
If so they might, to ease thee of thy pain,
Which all the earth unable is to gain,
But thou act best unto thy self alone
To make an answer for thy sins each one.
When powerful death hath entred on thy eyes,
And into all parts of the body preyes,
And stayes the organ of the nimble tongue,
Lest it might utter ought may tend to wrong:
And by chill cold doth fall upon the feet,
And takes from them their blood and natural heat,
And so ascends to every other part,
And then at last it seizeth on the heart;

Who now with sobs and sighs fall to lamenting of his breath
Which by and by is stricken by powerful death
And as his entrance on this life and breath
Gives Conscience leave to do its all alone
Who nere till now had audience of a word
By help of death is made a mighty Lord
And then the heart was seeing hard before,
Is now made soft lamenting more and more;
But nere till death had struck him with his dart,
Gave way to Conscience play his part,
Who hath regarded all what heart hath done,
And lays them ope that it may see the sum,
And cast it up before the day of doom;
Which grant good God it may to me be found;
Being hard as flint, as plain to doth appear,
When hear and hands and feet are all in fear,
Who nere till now did ever think of death
That he would come to fetch away its breath
For who by flesh was highly monarchised,
By Conscience now is basely vassalised
And so doth yield to what the conscience saith,
That till death came he had not any faith;
For health and wealth so puffs it up with pride,
Save only pleasure it minded nought beside
And now intreats to have a little time,
With full resolve for to amend its crime;
But Conscience saith, which now is doth delight,
That death is sure in its life hereafter
And so no hope of pardon to be got,
But like its life so death shall be its lot

Which conscience tells it shall be rejected,
And doth deserve it justly to be rejected,
Without all hope of any pardon finding,
For that this life is now at point of ending.
Then this proud heart with terror conscience pricks
And it to hell with horror down he kicks,
And tels him plainly that the poorest swain
Whom in his pride with scorn he did disdain,
Being naked begging at this proud heares doore,
In Abrahams bosom him shall sit before,
And in requital of this hard proud heare
Was left to yield to Dives any part
Of his vast store wherewith he did abound,
Is now by Dives trodden under ground,
And tels it he whom it did scorn before,
He would be glad he might beg it his doore;
But conscience tels him he is now debard,
'Cause pride in wealth did poverty not regard.
So this proud heart who poverty held in scorn,
Doth beg of death a while to be forborn:
But conscience tels him 'tis not in deaths power
For that he cannot spare him now one houre,
Because his time is limited by God,
Whom he here knew, & did not fear his rod,
Which now he feels by conscience information
That he must hence into some other nation,
Where soul must suffer for the bodies sin
And horrid life which it hath lived in,
Without so much as any care for th'soul,
But all for th'self, although in substance mould:

Which hath by conscience oft in heart confessed
And better life (by time) hath vowed to lead
When time is past, to it a period puts
And 'gainst his soul the gates of heaven are shut
Then all hope comes in despair
And he is now in most for hell prepare
Because it did not think of this in time
So soul must suffer for the bodies crime
Which conscience often did to him reveal
But pride of heart held conscience as in scorn
And would not hear when it made suit to speak
For worldly affairs such suits do always break
And so the soul is now deprived of bliss
Or sight of heaven where its sweet Saviour is
And that proud flesh of earth that soul was made
Must to the earth, and there a while be laid
For crawling worms, till that loud trump shall blow
When soul and body both must undergo
That final doom by God himself pronounced
Because in life this God they have renounced
And that most justly doth his conscience tell
Deprived of heaven, and doom'd to th' deepest hell
Where they must live, but wishing still for death
Which they did fear at parting with their breath
So what in haste in life was done or said
Will after death in heart be ever loved
But not obtained. Dust doth these tell
Decreed for ever now to live in hell
O eloquent death, hath done more in one day
Than Moses did with all that he could say

Or yet the Prophets by their crying out
These eighty years or more never have left off
Yet all unheard, or not in heart believed,
Till this hard heart of life is like bereaved
O powrful death, whose presence without speaking
Hath done what Prophets could not by their preaching
This conscience knows, & doth at large relate
What this heart hath done, and what shall be its fate
But out of time, because it would not hear
That it should come be laid on this fatal bier,
Which now stands ready waiting at the door
To carry away whom it scorn'd before
To this I cite thee now for thee begin
To think in what state thou art best than in
For now thy conscience guilty of sin will say
That thou neglected Topher doth thee way
Without all hope of thee for greater things
Than souls before, and in that Topher burning.
So all thy helps are surely now but weak
If thou didst more in former times beseek
Them at his hands, who always willing is
And able also to bring thee to bliss,
If thou hast made the way for sin before,
Or else there's danger of it at death's door
Thou foolish man, observe the harmless Bee,
Who summer time doth fill her downy thie,
And in her store house hoards up plenty of meat
Against the time when there is none to get.
Look likewise on that little creature Ant,
Who being careful how to prevent want,

Foreseeing what to be coming [illegible]
In time of plenty make provision
These little creatures teach us thus, thus dwell upon
In its due time, and that with good intent,
Pray again unto their blessings happily
With which all continue for eternity
But old man he is blind and cannot see,
And the young man he is stout and will not be
Corrected with death, yea his death which only can
As all things else, mankind this creature alone is
And that being done, then all this malice ceaseth
Unable is for to regain his breath.
And therefore now be sure while such is your power
For to remember death comes hastily unto
When 'tis not look'd for, like unto the thief in
Whose hour's uncertain, and best full belief
That he shall live; and so he that expects upon
The length of days, but the day of death neglects
And yet doth know that before all the rest
Who dyeth early, thus only shall be blest
For if a man were able to spend his time
Devoid of sin or any sinful crime
And prove an Infant but for one half hour
And therein climb his blessed Saviour,
And death demand better only his own,
And confesseth that he hath never sown
O other locusts, yea this and more
Who long live, yet dye in deadly sin
Since th'first argues, that only purely pure,
And as the chief doth come, so God be calld

For th'foolish Virgins had their final doome
For want of oyle when one of his marriage roome
O what a fearful horrid case is this,
For one houres pleasure lose eternal blisse
Then watch my soul, and do thou always say,
Good Lord give us your daily bread this day.
For after one day fifthy worms did eat
That precious Manna which was heavenly meat,
Because that they who every day would have,
Should every day for daily blessings crave.
And know those worms did feed of Angels eat,
Within a while will of the flesh make meat
And though thy soul it e'r more then be there,
Yet soul and body are decreed to beare
Their share alike, at the last reckoning day.
Then do not thou this reckoning now delay,
For (wretched man) this time doth draw fast on,
Neer unto death by computation,
And every day thy sins they do increase,
Time for repentance daily doth decrease,
And if repentance (by grace) be obtained,
There's satisfaction also must be gained,
Or else I doubt repentance very much
Without repayment cannot prove be such
As it should be, and then I greatly feare
There will no dayes be longer granted there,
For death is strong, and will not be orecome
By threats nor teares, when as the day doth come.
Then thou fond man who seeing thy last friend,
Wilt not say to him he is neer his end.

Till

Till he be likely to yield up his breath,
And then thou wilt him he should think of death,
Left that the name of death should fearful be
To him that knows it the point to die.
Then fear this death before he so neer come;
For 'tis too late to do't at th'day of doome.
Seeing if deaths warrant shall but once be sealed,
Then no wealth can cause it be repealed:
And therefore now have care prevent the worst,
Left thou do hold thy day of birth accurst;
Whereas her mourners are not able hide,
But this thy life must then be justly tride
By thine own conscience 'fore that dreadful King
Who knows and sees even every secret thing;
And sendeth this his fervent powrful death,
To take away from thee thy deareft breath.
O then have care then do thy dayes spend well,
If thou intend to keep thy soul from hell;
And be thou often thinking of this death,
How 'tis his office to take away thy breath:
And do it daily, for each day thou may
Even lose thy life in that one dayes delay.
And so by this accustom'd daily course
Thou'lt see thy sins how they decrease or mount.
And if th' hast wealth, thy care is so much more
To leave it, then he that is esteemed poor.
O (living) look thou have upon dearths face,
That dying thou maist know his comely grace:
For familiarity will only bring
A loving liking of a loathed thing.

Then

Then thou my soul acquaint thee with this death
Before he come to fetch away thy breath:
For tho his physnomie be pale and grim,
If daily seen, thou'lt find no fear of him.
Then do thou look upon him every day,
As he were coming to call thee away:
By so much oftner that thou dost him see,
By so much more familiar he will be.
And do esteem him always as a friend,
Seeing he may great profit thee at thy end:
Assure thy self he's stout and will not flie,
But he is always waiting on thee nie;
For he is one of whom thou shalt be found
Tho thou wer hidden underneath the ground:
And if thou think from him to run away,
Then he's so swift that he will make thee stay.
O view him, love him, and him look upon;
His countnance is comely, so's his complexion,
Though it be pale, yet sweet will be to thee,
But the hinder parts shalt nere be able see;
For he doth always forwards towards thee come,
And never backwards he is seen return:
He feareth no mans face, nor yet his strength,
But overcometh all whatsoere at length.
There's neither King nor Keisar he will spare,
But all in th'end do fall unto his share:
Though there be millions of arm'd men in field,
If he but throw his dart at them, they yield:
There are no guns so great can make him flee,
For none on earth but only he's shot-free.

His dart is alway very sharp and keen,
And flies so fast it cannot well be seen.
Do but observe the nature of his dart,
It always aimeth at the very heart.
The strongest walls that ere with hands were made
When he doth come, by them he'll not be staid.
He hits his mark as well in darkest night,
As when the sun doth shine the more bright.
Then do not thou this deaths acquaintance shun,
From whom thou wilt of all things run,
And who will cause the stoutest stand in fear,
If of his coming they by chance do hear.
Make much my soul of his acquaintance then,
If thou dost love him, he will tell thee when
He means to come, if thou do often use
Of him and his condition for to muse.
O then love thou this death his company well,
There's in it more then I am able tell:
Yet this my soul I do in him observe,
That his acquaintance may in time preserve
From second death, which is a kindness such
More worth by far then all the earth by much:
Then make account of such a special friend,
Who is so powerful with thee at thy end,
As by his means there's hope thou mayst procure
A happy life which shall for aye endure,
Amongst that blessed glorious company
Who live and shall for all eternity,
And evermore the worthy praises sing
Of Christ our Saviour and our heavenly King.

Then thou my ſoul make now a ſtanding there,
And yet ſome more do thou of death enquire,
Since he is ſuch, and of ſo ſweet a nature,
Whom ſome eſteem to be of horrid feature:
But by obſervance I do in him find
To thoſe that love him he is very kind;
And th'more I look upon his comely face,
The better ſtill I like his comely grace,
As though he ſcorn'd the greateſt earthly Kings
Eſteeming them to be but even baſe things.
And more then ſo, I'm him this obſerve,
If I have grace my ſelf in time preſerve
From ſin, that then he can do me no harm,
If I do ſo I do him quite diſarm;
For he no weapons with him bears about,
But with my own ſins he doth bear me out
From off this earth where wretched I do live,
But mine own ſins mine own death-ſtroke do give,
So as I find if I from ſin were free,
That then were death not able conquer me.
For now I ſee 'tis only my own ſin
The wicked harbinger to bring death in,
Then do thou beat this harbinger out out,
And then fear not thou ſhalt put death to rout:
For if there were no ſin within thy heart,
Then thou wert able take away deaths dart.
O then my ſoul hear this, O doe thou hear,
Thy ſin's the cauſe of all thy greateſt fear:
Then fear to ſin, and thou art able ſtay
This thing call'd death, and force him flie away;

And if thou leave thy sin thou may be sure
Th'art able then are sure of death to cure
Then use all helps to leave thy loved sin
And let slip none may bring thy Saviour in
But set a watch and guard thy heart about
To keep thy Saviour, and shut Satan out
For if thy mind be set on God above
And thou resolv'd to follow him in love
Then all thy actions which thou dost intend
Are helps to bring thee to a happy end
And no occasion can come then amiss
May help to bring thy soul to th' King of Blisse
Nor none let pass without some godly use
Which some are wont with wickedness abuse
But godly minds are ever apt to good
And more for th' souls then for the bodies food
Think with thy self how dost thou then behave
Canst go to bed and then not think on grave
Since it's more sure then is thy laid down bed
Shall not that surely enter then thy head
Canst thou prepare to go to take thy rest
And nought prepare for him hath so thee blest
Thou knowst thy sleep may well be said like death
Save only that afoordes a little breath
Which this doth take, and all what else is there
Then think of death, and think on't now in time
In sleep no sense, no not of greatest pain
And so in death if heaven by it thou gain
Then aim at heaven, let it be all thy care
Or else be sure have hell fall to thy share

Canst thou vnclothe thee to thy naked skin?
And then forget to cleanse thee of thy sin?
Hast thou the care thy bed may be made warm,
And then no care to keep thy soul from harm?
Canst thou be careful see thy linnen sweet,
And not remember that thy winding sheet
Hast thou the sense to feel thy bed is cold,
And yet no feeling that thou art growne old?
Canst thou have care thy bed should be made soft,
And then no care to lift thy soul aloft?
Canst thou be careful for thy bodies rest,
Yet careles how the soul may come be blest?
Is flesh and blood more esteem with thee
Then th'soul for which thy Saviour so did bleed?
Dost thou not know when body goes to grave
The soul expects a place in heaven to have?
Dost pamper flesh for filthy worms to eat,
And starve thy soul for want of spiritual meat?
Thou sayst th'art sure of a living soul in thee,
And yet thy life doth shew it cannot be.
Shal no occasion slip for th'bodies good,
And none be found to furnish th'soul with food?
Can any think that man hath any sense
Cares all for th'corps, and nought for th'soules cost
Is flesh and blood with thee of more esteem
Then that thy soul, whose care in only heaven?
Those go to ground from whence at first they came
But this to God, in whom is setled all her aim
Let conscience say for soul and bodies case,
How little's that, how great this others share?

So

So as it seems thou more esteems of moule,
Then dost of that thy pretious spiritual soule,
Which flies away when body goes to ground,
Let conscience lay where then it must be found
Which it wel knows, and wil not then dissemble,
When fleth & blood with fear shal shak & tremble
Then let thy bed be made to thee a grave,
If thou expect a room in heaven to have.
Prepare for grave when dost prepare for bed,
So idle thoughts wil vanish out thy head.
Think thou art dying when thou gost to sleep,
'Twil be a meane thy soul from sin to keep.
Or else take notice that thy heart is hard,
When thought of death with it's of no regard:
And that thy God hath suffer'd it be so,
Lest it might melt, and to its Saviour go.
O fearful fearful is thy God then gone,
And thought of him in thee remaineth none.
Are neither hope nor fear of any power,
But thou wilt forsake thy Saviour!
O cruel, cruel, cruel stony heart!
Are so resolv'd that Christ shal have no part?
Can fear of hell not melt that heart of thine,
Nor hope of heaven with Christ in it to shine.
Dost live to follow *Judas* in his sin,
That thou canst find no time to repent in?
O wretched heart, ner grown to obdurate,
As joy nor fear are able penetrate?
Is this the nature of that flesh and blooood,
As 'twil retain nought that may tend to good?

Art groan so sullen in thy own esteem,
As th'blood of Christ thou wilt not thee redeem.
O let that blood wash off beloved sin,
Or be assur'd thy Saviour comes not in.
O do not shut the gate gainst that sweet guest
In whom alone thou shalt be ever blest;
For by him only, and by him alone
Thou must have help, or else thou must have none:
Then beat thy heart, and beat it under ground,
Or be assur'd that Christ will not be found:
For that which makes thy heart so hard is pride,
A sin sufficient, though nought else beside.
Then strive to gain humility in's room,
For humble hearts are they will win the crown.
Then strive and strive, and strive and watch, & pray
To him is able put that pride away.
Without great suit be sure he will not doe it,
Then pray with zeal, and he'l be willing to it:
And bend thou heart and hands, and knees & all,
And on thy Saviour never lin to call,
Till he shall please to cleanse that hollow place
From pride, and then to fill it up with grace.
Grant gracious God to free it from this sin,
And many more which I have lived in.
Sweet Jesus help, help me good Lord with speed,
For without thee sweet Saviour I am dead:
For my hard heart, good God, is hardned so,
As 't never fears this fatal word of *Go*.
Sweet Jesus grant repentance to me, Lord,
As thou hast promis'd by thy sacred word

To

To hear all them that on thy name do call,
Then hear me Lord, or I am sure to fall.
Grant me good God, it thee most humbly pray,
That I from hence forth never fall away,
But still the sing up my heart to thee,
And to thy name sing praise continually.
But how can I sing praises to the Lord,
Whereof I have not obtain'd his holy word,
No heav'n regarded as indeed I ought
Who with his blood hath me so dearly bought?
But sin my sin hath reives me of that good
To be obtain'd by Christ his precious blood:
For my hard heart in truth cannot deny
I've turn'd back when I heard my Saviour cry;
What hope have I then that he will hear me cry,
Though I come to him on my bended knee?
Then bend and bear, and break that wicked heart
Whose sin is cause of all my woful smart:
And on thy knees lift up thy heart in pray'r,
No way to heaven but by this only stair:
Then strive t'ascend this stair on bended knees,
Or ne're expect thy Saviours wrath t'appease:
And weep likewise with thy briny tears,
For no unclean thing comes to th' Saviours ears,
Or if it do, he'll turn his back and frown,
And in his rage from heaven he'll throw it down:
Then cleanse thy heart, eject all idle thoughts,
Let no unclean thing 'fore the King be brought:
Search every corner in that hollow cave,
For Satan for entrance a hole will have out:

Where he may turn, and be to thee unseen,
Still waiting on thee when thou dost not weep.
Be careful then he do not there remain,
For if he do he'll leave behind a stain
Which will not out, no water will it cleanse
But only the oyl of hearty penitence.
Use then this oyl, and mix it with thy tears,
And wash the stain ascends up to the ears
Of great Jehovah sitting in his throne,
Who accepts all clean things, despiseth none.
Then cleanse thy heart from that foul stain of sin,
Or here expect that it can enter in
Jehovahs sight, where nothing can appear
But such as are from stain of sin made clear.
Then strive to cleanse thee from all sinful thoughts,
The only means which have thy body brought
To be cast down from out thy Saviours sight,
Where Saints and Angels in continual light
Conjoyd themselves with those the Cherubims,
Th' Archangels and those blessed Seraphims,
And all the rest of that most glorious quire,
Who joys enjoy beyond all hearts desire,
The glorious presence of our Saviour sweet,
The very essence of all joy compleat;
To sing the praise of that most Holy one
Who's God of gods, and other there is none.
Then sing my soul, and strive to apprehend
Those heavenly joyes which never shall have end:
Use all the helps may bring thee to that place,
Let none pass by without your use of grace.

And so in time thou mayst thy Saviour win
By earnest prayer for to remit thy sin.
Then without ceasing pray continually,
For such in time may gain eternity.
It is the counsel of that Preacher *Paul*,
Whose pains exceeded after that his call
To come to Christ: but first he fell to ground
Before his Saviour could by him be found.
Then fall, and fall, and fall upon thy face,
And cry to Christ that he may grant thee grace
To make good use of all occasions offer'd,
And so avert all are by Satan proffer'd.
For godly minds make godly use of all,
Where sinful hearts make such as tend their fall.
By their submission to black Satans wiles,
Whereby poor man of goodness he beguiles.
For man by nature's apt to what is ill,
Though soul and body both thereby he kill.
For man doth aim to please this flesh and blood,
But sees not th' end it is do tend to good.
For fleshly man sees nought but 'fore his face
Without respect to that the spiritual grace
The soul aims at: and so this worldly man
Thinks worldly things, but heavenly none he can
For earthly substance earthly matter minds,
When heavenly substance heavenly matter finds.
And so by th' sequel man may easily know
When life is done where then his soul shall go.
But few look further then this life alone.
And so for th' next their care is little or none.

Whereby appears to heaven there goes but few,
And so indeed our Saviours words made true:
For that gate's narrow, but the other broad,
And most men love the way that most is troad.
But thou my soul avoyd this beaten path,
If thou intend t'avoyd the way to wrath:
For be assur'd there are no more but two,
Or that to Heaven, or that t'eternal woe.
Let all thy care then be to avoyd this,
And eschew all may hinder th'way to blis:
So by observance thou mayst easily know
Which of these two thou dost intend to go.
Then let thy care be always God to serve,
And by that means thou mayst thy life preserve,
Let conscience say what thy chief care hath bin,
To serve thy Saviour, or to commit sin.
Let no occasion pass thee without trial,
And this in time wil free thee from denial
At that strait gate wherein so few must enter,
So make that sure without all peradventure.
Let this be th'chiefest of thy daily cares,
And it prefer before all worldly affairs.
For worldly actions aim at worldly ends,
But thou my soul at that which heaven intends:
For though thy flesh do follow earthly things,
Let inward mind be set on King of Kings,
Let him be always in thy outward mind,
And then shalt thou in all thy actions find
A means to bring thee on that narrow way,
Where they must go, mean not to go astray,

And then thou'lt see thy mind is ever set
To serve thy God, and him thou'lt nere forget.
For if thou dost but wash thy filthy hands,
Thou'lt see thy Saviour then before thee stands
To try if thou wilt wash thy heart from sin,
And horrid life which thou hast lived in.
And when thou puts in mouth a piece of bread
Think how thy Saviour then for thee was dead,
And rose again and lives in heaven above,
And doth desire thou come to him in love,
Then set thy self to serve this loving God,
And hee'l preserve thee in that narrow road
Which leads to heaven; then keep that narrow way
And in it serve thy Saviour night and day:
Let all thy thoughts on him alone attend,
So be thou sure thy life in him shall end.
But then must thou have care to serve this God,
Or else expect to feel his heavy rod:
For though he greatly doth desire thy life,
Yet thou dost know he punisht good *Lots* wife.
Presume not then that he will alwayes be,
As he hath hereto been to wretched thee,
By his long-suffering thee go on in sin,
As though his wrath had nere yet kindled in.
But thou hast seen his plagues on Egypt shown,
And then on them he chose to be his own.
Presume not then that he will pardon thee
(Superfluous branch of that wild Olive tree)
But fall with fear, and teach thy heart to tremble,
Whose nature is with God himself dissemble.

Becauſe thou knowſt his mercy doth abound,
Ye thou haſt ſeen ſome ſwallowd by the ground
For leſſe offence then many of thine have bin,
Then ſtrive to free thee from this horrid ſin,
The onely cauſe of *Sodoms* ſinking there,
Where nought doth live but onely horrid fear;
Then fear this God though he be ſlow to anger,
He'l ſmite thee down when thou thinkſt leaſt of danger.
Forget not this, but think on't ſeriouſly,
Leſt thou repent it even immediatly.
Canſt thou for pleaſure in thy garden walk,
Then not take pleaſure with thy Saviour talk?
Canſt thou obſerve each herb in its own kind,
And have not then thy Maker in thy mind?
Canſt thou ſee Lilies in thy garden grow,
And not think *Solomon*, ne're was cloath'd ſo?
When th'leaſt of them to th'world a wonder is,
Then let that wonder bring thy ſoul to bliſs.
When all on earth can not make th'meaneſt there,
Whereby the makers Godhead doth appeare
Who with his word did make them for thy uſe,
Then do not theſe good creatures thou abuſe,
But thankfull be for theſe great bleſſings given
To thee unworthy; lift thine eye to heaven.
For if ſuch glory doth on earth appeare,
Canſt thou conceive what wonders may be there?
When great Jehovah by his word doth make
Such herbs on earth that man may pleaſure take
In ſerving him this gracious God above,
Who's God alone, the God of peace and love.

Observe each herb in it a severall smell,
But how infus'd no tongue on earth can tell,
Their several shapes by th' King of heaven ordain'd
And each of others by him are restrain'd:
Their vertues great to th' world a wonderment,
Infus'd by th' maker to give man content.
Unthankfull creatures here do meditate,
And of these wonders deeply contemplate,
And then thou'lt see the goodnes of this God
To thee poor man who doth deserve his rod,
But that his goodnes doth to thee abound,
Who well deserves be swallowed of the ground.
If so his mercy were not even much more
And all his other attributes before.
Then serve him, serve him, with a filiall fear,
Who of his bounty hath so plac'd thee here,
As thou mayst see thy God on every side,
Above, below, throghout the world so wide.
Where God himself saw all was good therein,
Then do not thou pervert it with thy sin.
For wicked man makes wicked use of all,
Make no such use, or else be sure to fall.
But thou my soule use all things to that end,
For which thy God did these great blessings send.
And then fear not but he will bless thee so,
As from thy Saviour thou shalt never go,
But in his service take thy whole delight,
And therein spend thy time both day and night.
So every object will be then a mean
To make thee think of that good God of heaven.

And then thy mind will set it self to serve
Thy Saviour Christ who doth thee thus preserve
From wicked Satan and his hellish power,
Though he be still attending at thy dore,
To put ill thoughts into thy fickle mind,
When thou forgets to serve thy Saviour kind.
Forget not then to let each object move
Thy mind to set it self on God above:
For all the creatures which Jehovah made,
Do shew to man that he should be obey'd:
For they were works of Gods own onely hand,
And freely all submit to his command.
Save onely man, the noblest of the rest,
Whom he doth love, and wills he may be blest.
And for that purpose he doth daily send
Continual means to bring him to that end,
For which he first created him on earth,
Where he infus'd with th'soul a living breath.
And left him free from any thought of sin,
Till th'wily Serpent *Adam* entred in,
And did with pleasure this weak man perswade
To disrespect his God who had him made,
By tasting that but one forbidden tree,
The onely cause of all mans misery.
Canst then forget when dost an apple see,
For *Adams* sin how God doth punish thee?
And if for such a (seeming) small offence,
He punish all without a difference,
From high to low, to th'end of generation,
No place exempt, but even in every nation,

Doth

Doth *Adams* seed partake of th'punishment
For *Adams* sin without distinguishment:
Then fear to sin seeing God is so severe,
As for one sin to punish every where,
From time to time till th'end of time be come,
Sweet Jesus grant that word may be my doom.
But how can I expect this doom to me,
Of many millions one most unworthy?
Or what's my hope who thousand sins committed,
That th'least of them to me may be remitted,
When many millions for one sin condemned,
And without Christ no hope to be redeemed?
O fearful, fearfull! What more fearfull is,
Then for one sin mankind depriv'd of bliss?
Consider wretch, what thy whole life hath bin,
And then thou'lt see no houre without some sin.
If th'dost but mark what thou thy self hast done,
Thou hast forsworn both Father and the Son.
For knowingly thou hast him disobeyed,
Let conscience say if this can be denyed.
See to be judge of all thou go'st about,
Twil say, tha'rt fi'd even all thy life throughout,
And so th, sins to millions will amoune,
If thou wert able of them keep accounr.
But though thou fail in numbring of them all,
Thy Saviour can and will t'account thee call.
And then thou'lt wish that thou hadst nere bin born
In sin to live, in sin to dye forlorn.
Then well consider what was *Adams* sin,
Once disobeying Gods command therein.

What

What for that ſin was Gods juſt puniſhment,
And it will ſtrike thee with aſtoniſhment.
Then think how many ſins thou haſt committed,
And what's thy hope that they may be remitted?
When for one ſin mankind was all condemned,
If that by Chriſt they ſhall not be redeemed.
And then thou'lt think what may be due for thine,
Think of this deeply, and think on't in time:
Keep't in thy mind, thou cannot keep't too much,
A goodly theam, do thou conceit it ſuch:
And leave not thinking of it all thy life,
Leſt juſtly thou be puniſht like *Lots* wife;
For God is ready of an inſtant ſmite thee,
And ſo is Satan ever to endite thee,
And for that purpoſe he's on thee attending,
And ſo will be untill thy life be ending.
In thought of this be ſure to have a care
That Satan do not ſmite thee with deſpaire:
But ſtill be mindfull Chriſt did die for thee,
And will defend thee for eternity:
But then muſt thou obey him in thy heart,
And look each ſin do breed in thee a ſmart.
When doſt remember *Adams* only ſin,
For all of thine what danger thou art in;
But that thy God doth ſuffer thee to live,
And for thy ſins ſuch bleſſings doth thee give,
As thou maiſt juſtly ſay his mercy's great,
When by his bounty he doth thee intreat
To come to him, and faithfully him ſerve,
As conſcience knows his goodneſs doth deſerve.

Then for his goodnes fear him to offend,
Retain such fear until thy life shall end.
And it may help for to amend thy cours,
Which conscience knows is each day worse & worse,
Because thou minds not that thy God is just,
And one sudden may smite thee to dust.
Remember these, and none of them forget,
They'll be a means that Christ may come to set
Thee with himself, where thou shalt live for aye.
And sing his praises in a joyful raye.
So sing my soul the praises of this God,
Who gives thee blessings in lieu of 's heavy rod:
Be yielding thanks to his most holy name,
VVho was, is now, and aye shall be the same.
Let all thy life shew thou dost thankful prove
To this good God, the God of peace and love;
VVho doth desire that thou maist leave thy sin,
And lieu of Satan let thy Saviour in:
Look he be always in thy inward thought,
And he will let no ill to thee be brought:
And aim at nought but what gives him content;
Or if thou dost, be sure of it repent.
Canst thou observe the rising of the Sun,
And then not think the Son of mans to come?
Thou seest the glory of it doth appear
Throughout the world to all both far and near:
Thou dost discern the greatnes of that light
Doth make a difference between day and night;
Thou hast the sense to see it comfort brings
To every kind whatsoere created things,

Th'effects of both to all on earth are shown,
As well to strangers as to those his own,
All creatures are of its great good partaker,
And in their kind for it they praise their Maker.
Observe the greatness of its glorious shine,
Whereto none's like it saving that Divine:
Then if in th'creature there such glory be,
What is in him that made both it and thee?
Th'*Arabians*, they do find its extream hot,
But th'*English* feel its goodness, tho remote.
The *Indians*, they some black, some tawny turn'd,
But th'*English*, we with scorching are not burn'd.
With us it makes the earth it self rejoyce,
And all therein with joy lift up their voyce:
When Birds and Bees, and every creeping thing
Sing forth the praises of their heavenly King,
And every beast and creature of the field
To this their Maker all due thanks do yield,
Save thankless man who hath received more
Then all the rest, of Gods abundance store,
Because forgetfull of this gracious God,
And for our good beat with his heavy rod. (thee
Thou shameless man let these poor creatures move
Like them with joy to praise this God above thee,
And yield him thanks for all his goodness given
To thee unworthy lift thy eye to heaven,
Where great Jehovah knoweth by his power
The lighting down of th'sparrow at they dore,
And every secret that thy heart can think,
Whereof take notice lest thou come to sink

Into thus *Tophet* which God hath prepar'd
For such as do not yield him due regard.
Thou thankless man, think how this God hath bleſt
Before he send his servant Death t'arrest thee:
Observe with care of what good thou partakest,
When some do worship this the Sun for th' maker
What difference great betwixt the day and night,
They live in darkness, though we live in light.
Then since thy God hath shew'd himself to thee,
Unworthy wretch, towards him to lift thine eye
Prove not forgetfull of this good the greatest
To thee poor man of millions one the meanest.
When thou perceivest the sun reflects on thee,
Forget not then for sinners Christ did dye.
And when he yielded up his glorious Ghost,
The Sun did then forgo his brightness most,
As though it sorrowed for to see him die,
Who yet doth live, and shall eternally:
Canst thou but mark the setting of the Sun,
And then forget the Son of man did come
Down from the heavens where glory doth abound
Unto this earth, where nothing can be found
But earthly things, amongst whom he lived here,
And took on him the shape which thou dost bear,
Both flesh and bone, and every several limb,
Yet always free from the least thought of sin,
Whereby he taught thee how thou ought to live,
In serving God, and to him praises give;
Praise him, praise him, praise him continually,
Who was so pleas'd for sinfull man to dy.

Forget not then when thou not see the sun,
To think how Christ down to this earth did come
To gain thee to him, and with him to live:
Then yield him thanks, and to him praises give,
Who did endure the torments due to thee,
A wretch, a wretch, a wretch most unworthy.
Follow his example; then thou needst not fear
Tho th' Prince of darkness do to thee appear:
For if he shall, he hath no power to hurt thee,
If thou hast faith, fear not, Christ will defend thee,
And grant thee strength for to withstand his powr
Tho he assault thee every day and hour:
But thou must strive and he's be drawn to yield,
For if thou dost be sure to lose the field.

Expect this Fiend to have him fall upon thee,
Since he spar'd not thy Saviour who did make thee
But carried him into the wilderness,
Making expression of great holiness:
For when he fasted had full forty dayes,
Being hungry then, the tempter to him sayes,
If thou be Christ the Son of God indeed,
Comand these stones that they may be made bread
But he replied, Life's not by bread alone,
But by the words which come from God eachone.
And yet the tempter did not leave him thus,
(No marvel then if he do so with us)
But set him on the Temples highest stone,
And will'd him thence to throw his body down;
Seeing it is writ his Angels shall protect thee,
Lest dash of stone at any time may hurt thee.

But answering he replied this holy word,
'Tis writ, thou shalt not tempt thy God the Lord.
Yet still the tempter did not give him over,
But set him higher where he might discover
Even all th'earths kingdoms then within his eye,
And th'glory of them did to him descrie;
And said, if he would fall and worship him,
He freely would bestow them all on him:
But Jesus then bid Satan to be gone,
Saying, thou shalt worship only God alone,
And only him, none other shalt thou serve.
Doe so my soul, 'twill thee from death preserve.
So Satan left him, and the Angels came
And fed him then in great Jehovah's name.
Observe, my soul, the subtlety of this Spirit,
Alleadging Scripture 'gainst the meaning of it,
To private ends, his fancy for to please,
Without respect how it did God displease.
Then fear the spirit, make trial if 't be of God,
Or else be sure he'll send his heavy rod
To punish such as aim to wrest the truth:
But cleave to it, as did to *Naomi Ruth.*
Take th'sacred sense, beware of any wresting,
With holy things be sure there be no jesting:
Apply not places to thy private fence,
Lest pleasing thee, may give thy God offence.
Read with great rev'rence when thou readest such
An humble heart helps understanding much.
Make use of this, and here observe with care
How by ill spirits the Scriptures wrested are,

And

And uſes made unto ſome wicked end:
The Lord of life me from ſuch ſpirits defend!
For theſe Expoſitors Scriptures do expound
'Gainſt ancient writers, men much more profound
Who ſpent their lives in following that profeſſion
Wch is now gain'd by ſome few months poſſeſſion:
They ſtudied hard before they could obtain it,
But ſome new teachers think but light to gain it;
And when they purpoſe to the people preach,
They think it Goſpel whatſoere they teach,
Without reſpect what our forefathers told,
Or what hath been in thoſe the dayes of old:
As though by nature Learning now were gain'd,
When God doth know it is by ſome profan'd.
But thou my ſoul ſuch ſhallow places read,
As thou maiſt wade them without any dread;
And leave the deeps for ſuch have art to ſwim
Whatſoever ſeas of deeps they do come in:
Learn no ſuch art, but leave't to them that think
No ſea ſo deep wherein they cannot ſink.
The Lord of hoſt deliver me from ſuch thought,
For his ſweet ſake hath me ſo dearly bought:
And keep me ſafe from this preſumptuous ſin,
And many more which I have lived in.
For 'ſpiring minds are ſeldom ſatisfied,
Although their wiſdom be but folly tried.
But thou my ſoul, let others folly teach
Thee be content with that's within thy reach:
Make godly uſe of what thy God hath given,
And by ſuch uſe thou'lt keep the way to heaven:

Keep

Keep that way still, let nothing turn thee out,
Then God will prosper all thou goest about.
Though for the present he may please to try
Left in affliction thou wilt him deny:
As that just Job, whom Satan could not touch,
Although the Serpents power did tempt him much
But he us'd all temptations to good ends,
Observe his strength for to withstand his friends:
Take his example when thou tempted art,
And have a care thou do perform his part.
Observe his carriage, let his patience move thee
To serve thy Maker who entirely loves thee:
Although he teach thee with his heavy hand,
He will in th'end give thee thy hearts demand.
But then thou must not curse thy God and die;
For if thou dost, 'tis death eternallie,
And such a death as cannot be redeemd
With all th'earths wealth how much soer esteemd.
Respect no pleasure nor no cruel pain
Whatsoere thou suffer, so that heaven thou gain:
Let no affliction alter thy resolve,
Altho't be such as life on earth dissolve;
For that this life on earth cannot be long,
And then there's hope thou'lt sing a heavenly song
Among the Saints, where glory doth abound
Beyond the reach of th'best on earth are found:
For earthly minds unable are conceive
What heavenly comfort Saints in heaven receive
By th'glorious presence of that King of Kings,
Who doth abhor the sight of sinful things,

But

But casts them down to that infernal lake
Where all must live that do of sin partake.
Then fear to sin, and always it eschew
Like death it self, left thou thy come to rue;
And fall to curse the time of thy birth-day,
And to thy self thou thus lament and say:

Have I spent full out seventy years in sin?
Have I this while in them uncareful bin
What shall befall me after I am dead?
What is it I have oft had in my head?
Have I esteemd this life as if immortal,
And after death of life to be but mortal?
Have I so much this wicked world esteemd,
As of this death I have but only dreamd?
Have I felt limbs how they grow faint and weak,
And cannot see how fast my life doth break?
Have I observed that my eyes grow blind,
And cannot know that even so doth my mind?
Have I discernd my memory to fail,
And cannot find my vital parts to quail?
Have I seen wrinkles in my withered skin,
And cannot see my life is weak within?
Have I observd my hair to fall away,
Yet cannot feel my life is in decay?
Doth not the baldnes of my hoary head
Discover how my inward parts are dead?
Can I feel stitches in my hollow side,
And cannot feel my life away to glide?
Have I a shortnes in my inward breath,
And will not know it tendeth towards death?

Hath not my head endur'd exceſſive pain,
Not taking notice death hath ſeiz'd my brain?
Do I feel ſtomach grown exceeding weak,
And cannot feel how faſt my life doth break?
Do I perceive my ears grow thick of hearing,
And ſuch my eyes will not ſee death appearing?
Shall I not taſte this pill of bitter gall,
Though I diſcern that death doth daily call?
Will nothing draw me th'ſcent of death to ſmell,
Till he have thrown me down to th' deepeſt hell?
Are not my ſenſes ſenſleſs grown even all,
Yet not diſcern 'tis death that doth them call?
Will nothing make theſe ſenſleſs creatures fear,
Till they be thrown upon the fatal bear?
Are they all agreed to ſtruggle with this death,
Tho with that ſtrugling they do loſe their breath?
Hath not death taken my right eye away,
And I not think my left eye ſhall decay?
Do I know thouſands, thouſands ſlain in field,
And can forget that I to death muſt yield?
Can I think how my deareſt friends are dead,
Yet my own death not once to trouble my head?
Are there not ſome my children gone before,
And I not think my ſelf ſhall make them more?
Do I diſcern my bony teeth decay,
And cannot ſee my life's in the ſame way?
Have I felt weakneſs in my body all,
And cannot feel how God doth on me call?
Are not my ears grown very ſlow to hear,
And ſuch my eyes will not ſee death appear?

Ha

Have I been ſick, and ſtood no fear of death,
But ſtill in hope I ſhould retain my breath?
Have I liv'd full out ſeventy years and three,
And ſtill expect that I ſhall live till eighty?
Have I eſcaped dangers great and many,
And therefore think death will not come with any?
Hath not my heart took much more great delight
In doing wrong, then doing that is right?
O wretched beaſt, art ſo to ſin given ore,
As thou'lt comply with Satan more and more?
Will nothing draw thee for to ſerve thy God,
Till thou be beaten with his heavy rod?
Am I ſo taken with beloved ſin,
As my amendment I will nere begin?
Wilt not be frighted with the fight of hell,
Till thou be thrown into it there to dwell?
Will my ſtiff heart for ſickneſs ſigh and groan,
And for its ſin will not ſo much as moan?
Can I obſerve my marrowleſs bones grow drie,
And cannot ſee that now my death is nie?
Have I run out all this my life in pleaſure,
And for repentance never could find leaſure?
Hath not my conſcience often me reproved,
And have not I therewith been nothing moved?
Have not my ſenſes all of them offended,
And have not I been often reprehended?
Heth not my heart been pleaſed even much more
In ſerving Satan then my Saviour?
Hath not my heart delighted in delay,
And have not I wiſht in my ſin to ſtay?

Have I not deadly lov'd this fleshly luſt,
And ſtill forgot my ſelf to be but duſt?
Have I not watched opportunity
That I might ſin with much more delecacie?
Have I ſuch horrid wickedneſs committed,
And have I many ſuch good deeds omitted?
Have I ſought time that I might commit ſin,
And none could find that I might repent in?
Have I had care for gaining worldly wealth,
And never reſpected any ſpiritual health?
Have I been going *Babels* way till now,
And ſhall I ſtill my knees to *Baal* bow?
Have not my members always ſin obeyed,
And ſpiritual motions have they not denyed?
Hath not my heart been ever hardned ſo,
As thought of death could breed in it no wo?
Hath not my heart ſo hard and ſtony been,
As judgments moved not, though by me ſeen?
Have I ſeen ſome were ſuddenly ſtruck dead,
And yet it bred no ſcruple in my head?
Have I heard ſin reprov'd with greateſt zeal,
And it from ſome nought at all repeal?
Have I heard hell to be at full deſcribed,
Yet I thereby was nothing terrified?
O wretched heart, thy conſcience can thee tell
That thou haſt wiſht there was nor heavn nor hell,
For if not ſo, it ſurely would appear
That thou didſt ſtand of this great God in fear.
Say, couldſt thou take it for a friendly deed
If friend with beating make thy body bleed?

Wilt

Wilt thou imagine in a friendly part
For to endeavour stab thy friend to th' heart?
Canst thou presume retain a faithful friend
By abusing him for gaining thy own end? (suffer
Canst thou conceive that flesh and blood should
Such vile abuse as thou to Christ dost offer?
Canst thou ere think to gain thy fathers blessing,
When thou turn'st back, & with thy heel dost kick
Canst see thy father come unto thee kneeling (him?
And yet it work in thy hard heart no feeling?
Canst see thy father in thy quarrel suffer,
Yet no assistance thou wilt to him offer?
Canst see thy father slain in thy defence,
And yet it work in thee no penitence?
Canst see thy father only for thy sake
All bloody gasping, and no help wilt make?
Canst see thy father by thy enemy slain,
And yet that enemy thou'lt in love retain?
Canst see thy father kneeling fore thy face,
Yet thou'lt revile him with all foul disgrace?
Canst see thy father kneel unto thee weeping,
Yet thou to slight him with a countnance laughing
Hath any man a heart is hardned so
Will not relent to see his fathers wo?
Are these affronts unto an earthly father,
And yet are none unto thy heavnly Saviour?
Canst think no difference 'twixt an injury done
Unto thy Saviour and to thine own son?
Canst thou presume that God will pardon such
Wherewith an earthly father would think much?

When father friend, nor ſon, nor ſelf, nor all
Are with thy Saviour worthy of name equal.
O wretched, wretched, wretched heart that ſees
Th'art fild with ſuch, & ſome far worſe then theſe;
And yet canſt think thy conſcience may diſſemble,
Becauſe all theſe cannot make th'heart to tremble?
Have I them all, and many more ſuch ſeen,
And yet my heart thereby no better been?
Have I eſteem'd more of an earthly father
Then I have done of that my heavenly Saviour?
Have I more dreaded father to offend
Then him who did my life unto me lend?
Have I beheld him bleeding for my ſake,
And yet that blood my heart could nothing ſhake?
Do I delight in gulping up ſweet wine,
And yet forget Chriſt ſhed his blood for mine?
Am I as joyful to Jehovah pray,
As with my friend to trifle time away?
Hath not my heart been joyd in jeſting more
Then pouring prayers to my ſweet Saviour?
Have I not joyd with friend to jeſt and talk
More then with Jeſus ſadly for to walk?
Have I in me a heart is made of ſteel,
So hard as it no good at all can feel?
Can I retain a fear leſt man ſhould ſee,
And care not though my God beholdeth me?
Shall I fear more that brings a mortal ſhame,
Then that which doth bring me eternal blame?
Doth th'eye of man deter me from my ſin,
And th'eye of God have no power me within?

Have

Have I discern'd this weakness in my mind,
And cannot see 'tis Sathan makes me blind?
Examine conscience, see what it now saith;
For it well knows thou hast not any faith,
Nor yet dost think that there is any good,
Although he beat thee with his heavy rod.
Yet thou perchance wilt say thou dost believe,
But that even then the serpent did bereave
The thought of heaven out of thy faint weak heart
And would not suffer conscience play his part;
Who knoweth well that though thy tongue say so,
Thy stony heart within thee will say no:
For it doth use, and love with God dissemble,
Or else no doubt with fear 'twould shake & tremble;
Seeing neither hope of heaven nor fear of hell
Can win this heart as conscience can thee tell.
O hypocrite, leave off with God dissembling (bling
And pray him please to smite this heart with trem
This stony heart who thinks God doth not see,
Because even then he's not in heart with thee:
But when thou comes unto thy God again,
And he so please with thee a while remain,
Thy tongue will then confess thou hast offended
And for thy sin most justly reprehended;
But conscience knows thy heart is broken nought
But still the same, and aye doth yield to ought:
The Serpent offers to the fickle mind,
Rejecting Christ thy God and Saviour kind:
So as thy tongue may seem to praise his name,
Yet is thy heart even still the very same,

In-

Involv'd in sin, and therein takes delight,
Although thy conscience tell thee 'tis not right;
And then perchance thou wilt presume that he
Although thou sin, yet still will pardon thee:
And so thou spends this time of grace in sin,
As if for sinning death had never been.
But think not so, but think thy Saviour stands
Before thy face, two tables in his hands,
Wherein are writ our duty there commanded,
And its observance now by him demanded.
Canst thou repin, thou sin'd in hope of grace?
Fie, sin not so, let such hope have no place
Within thy breast; but then think death is come
With thy desert; O fearful fatal doom!
Consider wretch, and think what this may be,
Thou'lt find it prove a fatal doom to thee,
When neither hils nor mountains can thee hide,
But still before that just judge thou must bide,
Till thou do hear this sentence there pronounced,
That for thy sin thou art of God renounced.
Canst thou now sin, and then not think of this,
Thou must be cast from out eternal bliss?
Where's then that hope wherein thou hast prest
When death is come, and all thy dayes confest?
And then no hope of any longer stay,
But doom'd by death to Satan for a prey.
Canst thou now sin and not lay this to heart?
O lay't betimes, lest soul and body part.
O sinful soul, take notice of thy sin,
Lest death do come before thou dost begin.

O now begin, and that without delay,
Left death arrest thee ere to morrow day.
When soul must suffer for the bodies sin,
And careless life which it hath lived in,
Without so much as any one dayes accompe
To what a height thy sins that day will mount.
Begin this day, and so go on to th' end,
And by that course thou'lt see how life doth mend.
Neglect not this, but use it constantly,
Left thou be taken unprovided dy.
Be watchful then, and alwayes be provided,
'Gainst soul and body come to be divided.
Provide for this, can no way be eschewed,
And let this course by all meanes be enlewed:
And so in time there may be hope of gaine,
Or else expect in heaven to have no place.
Strive for that place, and strive, and strive again,
For without Christ thy labour's all in vaine.
And fast and pray upon thy bended knees,
To him, who thee and all thy actions sees;
And ne'r forget thou canst not void his sight,
Who doth discerne thy heart in darkest night.
And now my soul, do thou observe with care,
What over-weenings in thy judgement are:
If thou didst know it be an others fact
Couldst thou approve on't for a lawful act?
Wouldst thou allow that in thy onely son,
Which thou thy self hast now but newly done?
Art not ashamed that thou shouldst do a thing,
Which were unlawful, though done by a King?

Can'st thou espie thy brothers mote unknown,
Yet canst not see the beam is in thy own?
VVilt thou be mindful of anothers ill,
Yet careless how thou bringst thy self to hell?
VVere eyes given thee to look into another,
And thy own sins in thy own breast to smother?
Can'st thou have feeling of thy friends offence,
And canst not see thy self is void of sense?
Can'st thou see faults within thy brothor shine,
Yet canst not think that he againe seeth thine?
VVilt thou allow thy senses alwayes rome,
And ne'er attend to ought that's done at home;
VVere senses sent to shew thy brothers faile,
VVithout respect what tends to thine availe.
A wise man may make use of others ill,
And by their faults observe his own to kill.
VVilt thou it be foul if 't be anothers fact,
And yet be faire if it be but thy own act?
Is there such difference in a brothers blood,
VVhat's ill in th'one, is in the other good?
If any such, it is of their own making,
And not of judgement, but of meer mistaking.
Art thou resolved to dye as thou dost live,
And canst expect that God will thee forgive?
But though thy sins be to this world unknown,
Assure thy self that hell will have its own:
And though thy Saviour still do suffer thee
In thy own sins which he makes known to thee
By his holy Spirit, who daily doth attend
Upon thy heart, to see if thou wilt mend;

Yet

Yet do not think he'll do as he hath done,
In often calling that thou'lt to him come:
But rather think that he hath given thee over
Unto thy self, without hope to recover.
So as thou'lt see that thy sad and weak estate,
As *Judas*-like become, be reprobate.
O woe's my heart, ne'er yet could harbour woe,
Though often threatned with this word of *Go*
Thou cursed, cursed, into th' hell of fire,
Where thou must burn without hope to retire.
O cry, O cry, cry to thy Saviour sweet,
And never cease till he shall please to meet
Thy humble heart, and grant it some remorse,
Which daily's grown each day be worse & worse.
Sweet Jesus come, good Lord I humbly pray,
And drive that Satan far from me away.
For he hath drawn me from my God and King,
Who's worthy praise I am ever bound to sing.
Sweet Jesus hear me, hear me Lord I pray,
And hear me so, as I may ever stay,
And never more so fall as I have done,
But aye expect this blessed word of *Come*.
But I am still as I have ever been,
O'ercome with mine own best beloved sin,
And have no strength for to withstand his power,
Doth thus torment me every day and hour.
O woe's my heart that ere it should be born
To live so long, and now to dye forlorne.
O wo's my heart, that Christ should weep for me,
And it not drew one tear from out mine eye.

O wo's my heart, that Christ should dye for me,
Yet wretched I by 's death no better be.
O wo's my heart, he calls me to embrace,
Yet I decline him by my want of grace.
O wo's my heart, that ere it should be born,
To make my Saviour wear a crown of thorn.
O wo's my heart, his tender hands should feel
These rents for me, and onely for my weel.
O wo's my heart, his side was pierc'd for me,
And yet my heart from feeling thereof free.
O wo's my heart, his feet were nail'd to th' tree,
And yet that nailing nothing trouble me.
O wo's my heart, that cannot feel his stripes,
Were able till a stony heart with gripes.
O wo's my heart, 'tis not in sunder torn,
To see my Saviour bide for me such scorne.
O wo's my heart, he endur'd this for my weel,
And I want grace his grievous torments feel.
O wo's my heart, he gave his life for me,
Yet wretched I in him nor live nor dye.
O wo's my heart, he should for me be sent,
Yet want of grace will not let me repent.
O wo's my heart, it should so hardned be,
As that his sufferings have not softned me.
O wo's my heart, it is on sin so set,
As all his torments it doth quite forget.
O wo's my heart, it will not bleed for wo,
To think that Satan hath now made it so.
O wo's my heart, that nothing can it bring
To serve my Saviour and my heavenly King.
O wo's my heart, he should me thus respect,

Yet want of grace to make me him neglect.
O wo's my heart, that he should shed his blood
For me, and yet is work in me no good.
O wo's my heart, can nothing thee remove
From love of hell, to look at heaven above?
O wo's my heart, so taken with thy sin
And horrid life which thou hast lived in.
O wo's my heart, thou wilt not sin forsake,
And to thy Saviours service thee betake.
O wo's my heart, neglects Gods service so,
As breach of Sabbath breeds in me no wo.
O wo's my heart, will not spend Sabbath day,
In serving God, and in his service stay.
O wo's my heart, not one day in a week,
Shall I serve God, and his true honour seek?
O wo's my heart, I have delighted more
In serving Satan then my Saviour.
O wo's my heart, that's drawn with such delight,
To follow th' wrong, and forsake that is right.
O wo's my heart, that's from thy Saviour straying,
Whenas thy tongue is for thy pardon praying.
O wo's my heart, I have less lov'd and us'd
The Church, then th' Alehouse, where God is abus'd.
O wo's my heart, that dost haunt Taverns more
Then dost the Church, to serve thy Saviour.
O wo's my heart, thou shouldst so graceless be,
To neglect him who thus respecteth thee.
O wo's my heart, it should so love its will,
As what is good it calls by name of ill.
O wo's my heart, as fill'd with such ill blood,
As what is ill it gives it name of good.
O

O wo's my heart, it should so stupid be,
As follow Mammon, though thou dost him see.
O wo's my heart, that seest thy way is broad,
And yet wilt not forsake that common road.
O wo's my heart, that sees hell fore thy face,
And yet goes on for want of better grace.
O wo's my heart, will not be drawn return,
Although thou seest black hell before thee burn.
O wo's my heart, shall neither hell nor heaven
Remove away from thee this wicked leaven?
O wo's my heart, that thou shouldst be resolv'd
Forsake thy Saviour till thou be dissolv'd.
O wo's my heart, shall nothing thee remove,
To leave this hell, and aime at heaven above?
O wo's my heart, it is not fill'd with woes,
To leave heavens path, and take that to hell goes.
O wo's my heart, it will not burst to think
What I am writing with this pen of ink.
O wo's my heart, that it should guide my hand,
And yet it self the way of God withstand.
O wo's my heart, my hand should point the path,
And yet my heart should follow th' way to wrath.
O wo's my heart, it should this hell-hound love,
And so forsake this gracious God above.
O wo's my heart, it should so stupid be,
As 'twill go on, although it Satan see.
O wo's my heart, that Christ came me to call,
And yet towards him I will not go at all.
O wo's my heart, it is so idly given,
As that 'gainst idleness I have never striven.

O wo's my heart so taken with delight
Of what is wrong, but seldome what is right.
O wo's my heart with more delight will look
On news, though toyes, then on a pious book.
O wo's my heart, spends time in earthly toyes,
Neglecting that which tends to heavenly joyes.
O wo's my heart, that nothing will delight thee,
But things indeed which rather ought to fright thee.
O wo's my heart, will break thy sleep for sin,
Yet wilt not wake to let thy Saviour in.
O wo's my my heart, that will to Satan yield,
When they must fight intend to win the field.
O wo's my heart, that's hollowed so within,
As twill retaine nought but beloved sin.
O wo's my heart, how great hath been thy care,
From time to time thy rent for to prepare,
Left that thy Landlord might for it distraine,
Or turn thee out, though Tearm by Lease remain?
O wo's my heart, how little thy regard
To serve thy Christ, who with his blood prepar'd
A farme for thee in heaven, whose worth is such,
As there's no breft that can conceive how much.
O wo's my heart, what difference there hath been,
Twixt this on earth, and that thy Farme in heaven!
How great thy care to pay thy Landlords rent,
How light regard for th' Saviours discontent!
O wo's my heart, that strives to pass away,
What without passime will not with thee stay.
O wo's my heart, that thy care should be more
To serve this Satan then they Saviour.

O

O wo's my heart, lov'ſt better Satan ſerve,
Then him who doth indeed thy life preſerve.
O wo's my heart, that haſtens time to run,
But when th' end comes, I fear thou wilt it ſhun.
O wo's my heart, ſtill ſtriv'ſt ſet that away,
Which tends to nothing but to thy decay.
O wo's my heart, that's careful for thy ſleep,
Yet careleſs how thy ſelf from ſin to keep.
O wo's my heart, more curious of thy taſte,
Then of thy time which hourly thou doſt waſte.
O wo's my heart, ſo carefull keep a watch,
How worldly toyes thou mayſt in time diſpatch.
Yet careleſs how thou trifleſt time away,
Which tends to nothing but to thy decay.
O wo's my heart, will not obſerve that end,
For which thy God did time unto thee lend.
Thou art careful know by th' clock whats time of day
Yet careleſs how thou ſpeſt this time away.
O wo's my heart, thinks time well ſpent in toyes,
And cannot reliſh ought tends heavenly joyes.
O wo's my heart, will ſpend thy time in play,
Which conſcience knows thou'lt rue another day.
O wo's my heart, is ever apt to ill,
Though ſoul and body both of them it kill.
O wo's my heart, that conſcience can me tell,
How I 'gainſt conſcience often did rebel.
O wo's my heart, ſhall conſcience me accuſe?
My conſcience knoweth my Saviour I refuſe.
Muſt my own conſcience make my ſins accompt?
It knoweth that they do many millions mount.

O wretched

O wretched heart, thy conscience can now say,
That thou thy conscience never wouldst obey.
O wretched heart, conscience blames thee for all,
Thou wouldst not hear, though God himself did call.
O wretched heart, thy conscience doth now show,
How all thy life thou didst to *Baal* bow.
O wretched heart, that is bewitched so,
With that which brings both soul and body wo.
O wretched heart, so taken with that's ill,
As to that's good thou'lt not refrraine thy will.
O wretched heart, thus to be drawn away,
With that which onely tends to thy decay.
O wretched heart, that hast been hardned so,
As 't never stood in fear of this word *Go*.
O wretched heart, 'tis thee, and thee alone,
Who beareth blame for senses every each one;
For they say plainly they were bound to obey
To what the heart said, they did ne'er say nay.
The eye seeth nothing but what th' heart approves;
Yet oftner ill then any good it loves. (mands,
The hands feel nothing but what th' heart com-
And sometimes that which th' law of God with-
The ears are deaf, unless the heart give way, (stands
But to that's ill they seldome do say nay.
The palat's pleased with nought, if th' heart say
Yet oftentimes with that brings th' body wo. (no,
The nose is stopt, except the heart comply;
But what doth please it seldome doth deny.
The will mongst these doth seem to carry a stroke,
Yet heare at pleasure can the will revoke.

All other members of the corps give way
Unto the heart, and if they all obey:
So as the heart guides all by its own will,
And is the root of all the bodies ill.
O wretched, wretched, wretched, heart to see,
That all what's ill proceeds alone from thee.
Which conscience knows and will at large relate,
What thy sins are, and what shall be thy fate.
And then thou'lt see, that Apple *Adam* eat
Did prove to him and his a poisoned meat:
For thy desires are for the most part such
As do partake of *Adams* sin in much;
And are indeed even so insatiate,
As reason is not able moderate.
Say 'twere in thee for to obtaine thy will,
'Tis to be thought 'twould have less good then ill.
If thou mightst do whatsoere thou dost desire,
Canst think 'twould free thee from th'infernal fire?
Hast thou not been even often overtaken
Desiring things, though Christ thereby forsaken?
Have thy desires at best been ever such,
As they were free from wicked sinful touch?
Let conscience say what thy desires have been,
'Tis but too true they'll be condemn'd for sin.
Thou cursed heart, wilt ne're be able see
how subtle Satan hath deluded thee?
Shall th' Serpent dwell within thy hollow heart,
And wilt thou ne're admit him to depart?
Thou canst not chuse but know that he is there,
And yet thou wilt not will him to forbear.

It seemes thou doſt approve on's company well,
Although thou know'ſt it doth conduce to hell,
Or elſe would'ſt thou refuſe to harbour him,
Who doth indeavour invite all to ſin.
O wicked heart, wilt ne're amend thy courſe,
But ſtill continue each day worſe and worſe?
Lay but thy hand upon thy hollow heart,
And feel if heaven or hell have better part.
But it doth uſe and love for to diſſemble,
And hazard all, before 'twill turn or tremble;
And yet confeſs it follows needful things:
But hear thy Saviour who is king of Kings,
And he will tell thy double fleſhly heart,
That *Mary* ſhe hath choſe the better part.
Then take this better, and forſake that worſe,
Leſt thou incur that fearful doleful curſe,
Of *Gothon curſed*, Go receive thy hire;
A juſt reward; even hell, eternal fire.
O turn, O turn, O turn, thou wicked heart,
Or ne're expect in Chriſt have any part,
Now hear thy Saviour; hear him, he doth call,
Thou'lt be but ſo as *Agrippa* ſaid to *Paul*,
Thou haſt almoſt turn'd me. O do thou turn;
Except thou mean in hell for ever burn:
Though't be but little, yet it may in time,
By helpe of Chriſt, waſh off thy ſinful crime.
Pray for his help, laid down his life for thee;
For he deſires that thou maiſt live, not dye,
Sweet Jeſus further my deſire of turning,
That it may free me from this fearful burning.

Examine th' conscience, it will not dissemble;
But tell the truth, if thy hard heart do tremble:
Be often rubbing it, to keep't from sleep;
At death be sure it will thee waking keep.
Guide all thy actions by thy conscience square,
And it will help thy way to heaven prepare.
O sweep thy house, and let thy Saviour come;
'Tis he alone must free thee from that doome
Of *Go thou cursed into fiery hell*,
And there do thou with Satan ever dwell,
In that dark fire, which *Dives* knoweth is hot,
Although nor soul nor body there do rot,
But still continue fuel without wasting,
And so shall be without, end everlasting.
O horrid, horrid, wilt thou not return,
But still resolve in that black fire to burn?
Will nothing fear thee from this future wo,
As if thy heart did love this word of *Go*?
Art yet the same which thou hast ever been?
Will nothing flight thee from beloved sin?
Canst thou conceive 'twill equalize thy paine,
From whence be sure shalt n'ere return againe?
Bewaile thy case, and now observe cock-crow,
And call to minde how *Peter* he did so:
When he heard cock, he went out streight to weep;
I hear him crow, yet keep my bed and sleep.
When he heard cock, he went out at first crow,
I hear him often, yet will not do so.
Peters denials they were onely three;
But mine, if counted, more then millions be.

He

He saw his sin, and then he did refraine it;
I see my sin, but yet I still retain it.
He lov'd his Master, and did follow him nigh;
But I lov'd sin, and from my Saviour flie.
He heard the cock, and then he saw his sin;
But though I see it, I still retain 't within.
Peter was sent, that he to me might preach;
Yet have his words no power my heart to reach.
His words and life are both I see even such
I know they are, but not respect them much.
He heard the cock, and then he did repent;
I heard him often, yet will not relent.
Though *Peter* sinn'd, repentance gain'd remission;
I commit sin, yet to repent omission.
When *Peter* sinn'd, he saw it, and did refuse it;
I see my sin, yet still resolve to use it.
O wretch, O wretch, O wretch, wilt ne'er return,
Till thou be doom'd in that dark fire to burn?
Will nothing draw thee say this Satan no,
As though thou lov'st this fatal word of *No*?
Canst thou expect thy Saviour shall retaine thee,
When thou dost know that Satans self hath gain'd thee?
Thou art ready prest hear Satan at first call, (thee:
But thy blest Saviour thou'lt not hear at all.
Peter heard th' cock & made use of his preaching,
Thou heares't *Peter*, without use of his teaching.
Each creature taught this *Peter* for to pray;
But all created thy sin cannot stay.
Peter was left to bring unto thee life;
Yet thou lov'st sin, as Satan loveth strife.

Peter

Peter did weep, and did his sin forbear;
But thou sinn'st still, yet cannot shed one tear.
With *Peters* sin, his heart was mollified;
But mine with sin, is rather stupified.
O wicked heart, art not ashamed to see
How all thy sins have nothing softned thee?
Art so resolv'd, as nothing shall remove thee
To leave this Satan, though thou seest he loves thee?
Consider well the cause of this his love;
Because thou hast forsworn thy God above.
O Jesu, Jesu, have I thee forsworn, (born
Who came from heaven and on this earth was
For to redeem me from this bond of sin,
And horrid life which I have lived in;
And here endured the paines of death for me
In hope I should from this foul Satan flie.
And notwithstanding shall I follow him still,
Forsaking good, and following what is ill?
O weep, O weep, even rivers of salt tears,
To keep thee free from greatest of all feares.
Shall Satan say thy Saviour is forsaken,
Who dyed on earth, and then to heaven was taken
Desirous thou shouldst do as he had done,
Live here a while and then unto him come?
Yet thou, a wretch, a most ungracious wretch,
Whose sufferings are not able thee to teach
That thy hard heart is harder far then steel,
Wilt not be drawn thy Saviours sufferings feel.
O weep, O weep; let tears fall from thine eye
For him who shed both tears and blood for thee.

O weep, O weep, now spend thy time in sorrowing,
For to redeem thy time is spent in sinning.
O weep, O weep; let *Peter* teach thee weep,
And it will teach thee from thy sin to keep.
O weep, O weep; let tears fall from thy eyes,
That they may prove for sin a sacrifice.
O weep, O weep; with tears produce thy grief,
If thou do hope for sin to have relief.
O weep, O weep; let tears make soft thy heart,
If thou expect in Christ have any part.
But how can I expect in Christ a part,
When there's in me not any good desart?
For I have spent most of my time in sin,
And my amendment is yet to begin.
Can I presume then God will pardon him
Who hath liv'd all his life in deadly sin?
With what face can he now for pardon pray,
Hath so offended deeply every day?
O hypocrite; thy conscience can thee tell,
That thou dost think ther's neither heaven nor hell.
For if thou didst, it surely would appear
That thou didst stand of this great God in fear;
Seeing thou didst see his plagues on *Egypt* sent,
When *Pharaohs* heart would not be drawn repent,
Untill the Lord had so decreed and doomed,
That he and his should in the sea be drowned,
And his elected safely brought to land,
Through the read sea, by great *Jehovahs* hand:
For which did *Moses* sing praise to the Lord,
Who did preserve them by his onely word;

And

And *Miriam* she did lead the maides a dance
Which highly did the praise of God advance.
Her Timbrel sure, did make a joyful noise,
With which hearts, hands, & feet keep equal poise.
Good God! what difference now in this new world
How it is alter'd from it was of old!
Though our solemn Revels make a stately show,
Yet these to them cannot compare I know.
Their dance set forth their joy was in their heart,
But this, the practice of the outward parts:
That shewed their thankes for a great deliverance;
These, only th' state is in a courtly dance.
Such are the Masques and shows to court are sent
Whose cost are cause make many a youth repent.
What other good in them I do not know,
Yet this new worlds proud humour it doth show.
But there leave court, let country shew its skill,
How apt it is to practice what is ill; (thee
Where Pipes, and Shawms, and Fiddles fill the
With filthy tunes, for chast ears most unmeet:
And yet to these will men and women dance,
As though they meant the praise of hell advance.
Here *Miriams* timbrel sure hath not been heard
Or if it were, it was with light regard:
Her timbrel sounded out a heavenly tone;
But these do pipe or little good, or none:
Their musick mounted hearts up to the heaven;
But these keep souls with bodies station even.
If one should dance as *David* did 'fore th' arke,
There's many *Nichals* would him readily mark

Bu

Is now his like on earth's not to be seen,
Nor many such as he have ever been;
Or like to *Miriam* are not many more,
Though such as *Michal* now there are great store:
Not many *Miriams* on our English ground,
Though millions like to *Michal* may be found;
Whose light behaviour in their dancing's such,
As doth conduce to sinful lust in much:
And no great need, where all are apt to ill.
Though this their aptness soul and body kill.
When *Miriam* danced, 't was with fatal fear
Of that *Jehovah* who had plac'd them there;
And in their songs his praises they do sing,
Whose wondrous works o're al the earth do ring,
But now our *Michal's* songs are nothing so:
For they are such as bring their souls to wo.
Their dancing sent a most sweet smelling savour,
But ours casts us out of our Makers favour.
Good God! that this our English fertile land
Should harbour such as will not understand
How much they're bound unto this gracious God,
Though now we are beaten with his heavy rod,
Because we have neglected him to serve;
Who with his blood did us from death preserve
Within this Isle, wherein his Sun did shine,
Like to that blessed land of Palestine.
O Wicked world, behold how God hath left
And Satan he of all good hath bereft thee. (thee,
Of *Abrahams* seed can hardly now be found,
Except it be in graves are under ground;

When who's a Christian hardly can be known,
If by their works their faith it must be shown.
Though we profess and say that we have faith,
Our works deny it, so sacred Scripture saith:
For all the world so madly runs awry,
As most forget they're born to live to dye.
O what a wicked wretched world is now,
When most of men do unto *Baal* bow;
Though they do seem to serve their God in show,
Their works set forth that God they do not know.
So now full time to turn our joyful singing
Into a tune of sorrow sadly weeping.
O weep, O weep, let all this Isle now weep,
When few or none are set the Lord to seek:
Though a world of people daily do encrease,
Yet Gods true service daily doth decrease:
When many sins are smooth'd with seeming show
Of godly actions all the world doth know;
For now dissembling most of men do use,
Whereby Gods honour they do much abuse:
So many think that they are free from sin,
When God doth know they are filthy foul within.
And such do show Christ came not them to call,
Seeing he was sent solely for sinners all.
O blessed Lord, I do confess my sin;
Ope thou the gate, that I may enter in:
For through thee only, and through thee alone,
I must have entrance, or I must have none. (Spe
Now help, Lord help, good Lord help me w
Without thy help, sweet Saviour, I am dead,

For, with the world good God, I am gone astray
From thee my help, my comfort, and my stay.
Since conscience saith that heaven hath justly left
Also it may that hell hath justly gain'd me; (me,
And so conclude there's no injustice done,
Though God refuse accept me for his son.
How do I use to make a formal lye,
Not thinking how did *Ananias* dye!
And yet 'tis held to be a slight offence,
Although for such *Sapphira* carried hence.
But now we are come to such a woful time,
As lying's thought of some to be no crime;
Because tis guilded with another name,
And yet in substance 'tis the very same:
We call't dissembling, when we lying use;
And yet dissembling doth the truth abuse;
So th' nature is not altered with the name,
For this and that are both the very same.
And now 'tis grown to such a common sin,
As if for lying death had never been;
Seeing he that knows not how a lye to give,
He knows not how in this vile world to live,
So as it seemes, who wants the art of lying,
He wants the art (in this vile world) of living.
But though this art may help a livelihood here,
Assure thy self it will not help thee there, (earth,
Where nought but truth can come to th' Saviours
Before whom no shadows substance will appear:
He seath the secrets of each hollow heart,
And will not swerve from truth in any part.

Then love this truth, and loath this art of lying.
Least thou repent it when thou art a dying:
For then thou'lt see no difference will appear.
When either of these come to thy Saviours eare.
Presume not then 'tis lawful to dissemble,
Least flesh & blood too late will shake & tremble
For though thy Saviour prove to thee so kinde,
As let thee live to see if thou wilt minde
To amend the fault so long by thee been usod,
Though conscience tell thee God's therein abused
Conceive thy heart is hardned in its sin,
And will not hear thy conscience speak within;
Who tells thee plainly that thou hast offended,
And oftentimes for it been reprehended;
Yet thou dost still run on in thy old coutle,
And in thy sin grow each day worse and worse
But lay to heart how *Ananias* dyed,
And how thy self ere long must come be tryed
Before a Judge admits of no dissembling,
But best of men will fall with fear and trembling.
Retain this fear, and from it ne'er depart;
For this in time may mollifie thy heart:
Or if it do not, think then 'tis hardned so,
As 't may expect this fatall word of *Go*,
Without so much as any warning given,
But for thy sin thou art deprived of heaven:
For be assur'd, when *Ananias* dyed,
He had no time to think he might be tryed;
But struck to death before he answer made;
For this just Judge will not be disobayed;

And though his mercy greatly doth abound,
Yet *Ananias* he was struck to ground,
When he had parted with a fair estate,
Intending it to help the poor mans fate;
So as it seems, to th' poor his charity's such,
In our esteem, as might have helpt him much:
Yet here observe that man can do no good,
How great soere, though't be his livlihood,
Which may withstand the justice of this God,
If he resolve to beat us with his rod:
For when thou hast done all the good thou can,
Thou maist conclude thy self a sinful man. (speed;
Then help, Lord help, good Lord help me with
Without thy help, sweet Saviour, I am dead:
For nought in me, but hearty penitence,
Can gaine me pardon for my great offence.
Sweet Jesus teach my heart to fear and tremble,
And ne'er forget *Sapphira* did dissemble;
And for that sin did suffer sudd'aine death:
Let me retaine this thought whiles I have breath:
And teach me, Lord, for all my sins to weep,
And from tentation good Lord do me keep:
For my weak minde forgetful is of good;
But what is ill of me is ne'er withstood:
For it, O Lord, I freely do embrace;
So as I see in me 'tis want of grace.
Supply this want in me, good Lord, I pray;
That in thy service I may every stay.
But sin is so ingrafted in my heart,
As it is loth from least of sin depart;

But rather soothe it with some seeming shew,
Although 't be sin apparently we know,
So as it serves we are apt to foster ill,
But what is good, nor with good heart nor will.
Sweet Jesus help this frailty is in me,
And heal me Lord, of this infirmitie:
For my weak flesh to ill saith seldome *No*:
Sweet Jesus free me from this word of *Go*;
And grant me strength for to restraine my will,
That henceforth I be ne'er o'recome with ill;
But aye be lifting up my heart to thee,
And to thy name sing praise continually;
And with my tears wash off the guilt of sin,
Which my hard heart hath hereto lived in;
And henceforth weep in heart, without dissembling,
To work salvation with my fear and trembling.
And teach my eys good God, that they may weep,
And my weak flesh from sin it self to keep.

O weep, O weep, let all this Isle now weep,
If it expect from God's just judgement keep.
Let *Britain* weep, whose brackish sea doth round
Lest God in justice in that sea do drown it.
Take notice now, of his most heavy hand,
In justice stretched o're this woful land.
O weep O weep; begin to weep in time,
Lest seas of tears will not wash off thy crime.
O weep, O weep, that all the world may see
How God in mercy hath deliver'd thee.
O weep, O weep, to wash away thy guilt
Hangs o're this Isle, for blood is therein spilt;

Which

VVhich like to rivers on the land do run;
Lord stay it now, for Jesus sake thy Son;
That we may all with joyful noise accord
To sing the praises of the heavenly Lord,
For that his mercy great on us now shown,
When our desert is to the world well known.
O weep, O weep, that all the earth may see,
For our great sins how penitent we be.
O weep, O weep, let each one of us weep,
And every one strive from sin himself to keep.
But my hard heart, good God, is hardned so,
It oft forgets the cause of all my wo.
O weep, O weep; let heart and eyes agree,
That 'tis for him who gave his life for thee.
O weep, O weep, with tears wash off thy sin,
If thou intend a new life now begin.
O weep O weep, now spend the night in weeping,
Which thou art wont to sot away in sleeping.
O weep, O weep, both day and night and all,
Least th' wrath of God do justly on thee fall.
O weep, O weep, how great thy cause to weep,
Because thou wilt not from thy sin thee keep?
O weep, O weep, from morning untill night:
Such weeping may help keep thy way aright.
O weep, O weep, spend all thy dayes in sorrow;
For such, in time, may help thy soul to borrow.
O weep, O weep, let eyes forbear to wink,
And let thy tears serve for thy daily drink.
O weep, O weep, in tears eat thou thy bread,
And with them likewise water thou thy bed.

O weep, O weep, at bed, and boord, and all,
And never ceaſe on thy ſweet Saviour call.
O weep, O weep, now when thy dayes are done,
Thy tears may help prevent thy death to come.
O weep, O weep, let ne'er thy cheeks be dry,
And all too little, till the day thou dye.
O weep, O weep, and to thy Saviour ſay,
Good God me pardon, I thee humbly pray.
O weep, O weep, till thou have pardon ſent,
And till ſuch time, ne'er ceaſe, but ſtill repent.
O weep, O weep, to waſh thy heart from ſin;
Till it be clean, be ſure Chriſt comes not in.
O weep, O weep, to cleanſe that hollow place,
Mak't free from ſin, and fill it up with grace.
O weep, O weep, till Chriſt ſhall to thee ſay,
Come now thou bleſſed, come, and with me ſtay.
O weep, O weep, untill thou hear this ſaying,
And mixe thy tears, be ſure, with harty praying.
O weep, O weep, till Chriſt be pleas'd to hear,
And to thy pray'r vouchſafe to turn his ear,
O weep, O weep, with heart, and ſoul, and all,
Untill ſuch time as he ſhall on thee call:
For without him, thy tears are all but nought,
Receive me, Lord, whom thou haſt dearly bought.
For my own ſtrength, good God, 's of no availe,
Except thy blood, ſweet Chriſt, for me prevaile:
For in my ſelf, good Lord, help there is none,
But by thee onely, and by thee alone.
For all my tears cannot me heaven obtaine,
Except thou pleaſe, good God, with me remaine.

Then

Then come, sweet Jesus, and with me reside,
That I in thee may evermore abide.
But 'tis not in me, nor my power, O Lord,
Except thou please vouchsafe to say the word:
Then say to me that blessed word of *Come*;
Without it, Lord, I am utterly undone:
Then be thou pleas'd, good God, on me to call,
Else heart, and tears, and soul, are wasted all.
Sweet Jesus send me, send me, Lord, I pray,
Thy holy Spirit, to keep me in the way;
The way to life I have so long neglected,
I do deserve of thee to be rejected;
And justly too, except thou so shalt please,
Of thine abundant goodness, grant me ease
Of this illusion hath me so deluded,
As I am justly now from heaven excluded;
But that I know that thou dost not desire
A sinners death, but rather dost require
That he may live, and praise thy holy name,
Who was, is now, and aye shall be the same.
Lord finish that, the great desire of me,
That I do never herehence from thee flee,
But love to follow thy most holy will,
And by thy help attaine to *Sions* hill:
For by thy blood, Lord, and by it alone,
I must have help, or else I can have none.
For my hard heart, good God, is hardned so,
As it doth deserve this fatal word of *Go*,
Except thou please to call unto me, *Come*:
Sweet Jesus grant that word may be my doome.

Then call, sweet Jesu, call me, Lord, I pray,
That I in thee for evermore may stay,
And by thy help I may have strength withstand
This fatal enemy of all humane kinde,
Sweet Jesu help, help me, good God, I pray,
That I in sin do now no longer stay:
But at this present I may now begin
To make a reck'ning of each several sin:
And by thy help, call this day to account,
And therein see how those my sins do mount:
And not ingross them all in one gross sum,
Lest that their weight my memory may benum:
But let each hour arraigne its own offence,
And so the next produce its penitence.
Make this accompt from morning untill night,
And well observe thou take thy aime aright,
From one till two, and then from two till three:
And in that order look thy reck'ning be.
And when thou hear'st the Artists clock to strike,
Have care thy natural clock may do the like.
Observe thy care how great for earthly toyes,
And then how light it is for heavenly joyes.
Thou'lt not forget to know when's time to eat:
But this thy care is not for spiritual meat.
Thou'lt know by th' clock when's time to go to bed,
But when to heaven, it doth not trouble thy head.
All earthly actions by the clock thou'lt square;
Then look for heavenly such may be thy care.
Thou'lt say the clock hath struck, 'tis time to go,
But not to heaven; let once thy heart say so.

If thine occasions rest upon an hour,
Thou'lt ask what's clock at every neighbors door?
And if thou finde that thy set hour is past,
I hope thou'lt then redeem it by thy haste.
Do these for earth with those for heaven compare,
And look for these, as for those, be thy care:
And then no doubt but thou shalt surely finde
Thy Saviours sufferings constantly in minde,
Begin at th' secrets of thy hollow heart,
And then from thence to every other part;
And draw thy thoughts into a narrow roome,
That thou maist gaine this blessed word of Come;
And call them all unto a strict account,
Left, let alone, they may to millions mount:
For they are swift and like an arrow flie,
Once by their aime, they're sure to run awry.
Then have a care they alwayes aime aright,
Or ne'er expect that they can come to sight.
Collect them often, left thy memory faile,
Which if it do, thy conscience cannot quaile.
Examine it, for each particular hour,
What service in it had thy Saviour:
And then I doubt it easily will appear,
That thou hast serv'd Satan most part of the yeer.
For though it seem at present sound asleep,
Assure thy self a reckoning it doth keep,
And will disclose all at that doleful day,
When for thy pleasure hell shall be thy pay.
Then let thy Centinels alwayes lye Perdue,
That they may tell when the enemy comes in view.

Make haſt to run good mind no thorne to ſtay,
Without Chriſts help about thy ſoule to fare,
For there's no hope thy conſcience may forget
But all thy ſins it will before thee ſet
And when thy conſcience ſhall them to reveal,
Then ſhall that ſtrike to thy ſelf appeal
For equal juſtice ſhall thy hire thy owne
Then by [illegible] thou ſhalt down be thrown,
From out his preſence to that deepeſt hell,
And therein doom'd with feends for ever dwell,
And thenceforth never be admitted ſee
The glorious face of th' ſacred Trinitie,
Sweet Jeſus come, and come good Lord in time
And with thy bloud waſh off my ſinfull crime,
That it in judgement never rife againſt me,
But with thy wing vouchſafe good Lord protect
Help Lord help Lord, & let help come with ſpeed
To comfort him without it is but dead; (though
And when thou haſt examin'd th' ſoule
Let th' ſentence then be all before thee brought
To give accompt of their bad life
Leſt of their faith there may be jealouſie
Let none eſcape all be found dry'd,
Leſt any of them with th' enemy have complyed
And ſo it proves leſt ſalſhood love may appeare
Without all pity do thou them as theire,
And let them have reward as they ſon due
For never thank'd traitorous can be true,
Since he that yields to hope of winning gaine,
Will ſtand in fear of no eternall paine.

And search each hollow in thy private tent,
For hidden treason from the enemy sent.
No law of Armes will binde him to be honest;
To breach of faith he's ever found the promest:
And therein doth he take his chief delight,
As if no good but doing that's not right.
Then be thou chary of their inward friends
Are friendly onely for their private ends:
In all thy actions ever aime at th' end,
And then, by that, thou'lt see whereto they tend.
A wise man will consider 'fore he go,
His journeyes cause, and also whereto:
And if appear some danger in the way,
And that the profit will not charge defray,
He'l take a pause, and turn about againe
Unto some other may requite his paine.

Observe that graceless gracious prodigal,
Who ne'er bethought him till he had spent all;
And then resolved what was his best to do:
He would with speed unto his father go,
And on his knees confess what he had done,
And humbly pray accept him for his son.
Whereat his father, and most indulgent,
Was glad to see his lost son so repent;
And did retaine him into former favour,
In hope of his thereafter good behaviour.
Make use of this, and do apply it well;
For such in time may block up th' way to hell:
So that false steward being in disgrace;
Because he had some way abus'd his place,

Bethought him self, what then was best be done;
Whereas his Master thrust him out his room;
Since he was not inur'd with taking pain,
And that he could not live without some gaine,
He did resolve his Master debtors call,
And set down less then by his book did fall
Due to his Master; hoping by that bout,
He might finde favour when he was turn'd out.
Wherein his wisdom was commended more,
Then theirs of light, by our blest Saviour.
Observe, my soul, this counsel wise approve;
It came from him who's God of peace and love;
Assure thy self, these words fell from his mouth,
Who is the Essence of all real truth;
Even God of gods, and eke of might is most,
And were endited by the Holy Ghost:
Then lay them up in th' closet of thy heart.
And have a care they do not from thee part.
Sow not this seed upon that stony ground,
Where there can be no firme fast footing found;
Nor yet ne'er sand that common high-way-side,
Where fowles of th' aire will not let it abide;
Nor where it may be chok'd with growing thorns
Will spring up faster then the growing corne.
But look it fall upon that wealthy mold,
Where every corne may bring an hundred fold;
That this thy care may prove a perfect token
Thou art one of them to whom these words were spoken,
Lest *Esay*'s prophesie in thee be verified, (tyed;
Although thou hear, yet shalt thy ears are

And

And though thou see, yet still thy eyes will winke,
Because they shall not to thy hard heart sink;
Least thou shouldst see, and to thy Saviour cry
That he might heal thee of thy malady.
O look thou sleep not, least the enemy come;
And sow some tares among thy winnowed corne;
And see thy salt be not without its savour,
Least thou be cast from out thy Makers favour:
And have a care to keep this enemy out,
Who takes delight in ranging th' earth about.
Avoid such sleep, and stand, and watch and pray,
That thou maist drive this enemy far away.
But without help thou art not able do it;
Then pray to him who can and 's willing to it.
Sweet Jesus help this weakness is in me;
Without thy help Lord I am sure to dye. (speed;
Then help, Lord, help; good Lord, help me with
Without thy help, sweet Saviour, I am dead.
For my hard heart, good God, is hardned so,
As 't doth not fear this fatal word of *Go*.
O wicked heart, art still as aye hast been,
Sleeping securely in all deadly sin?
Sweet Jesus, help; and wake me from this sleep;
And from temptation, good Lord, do me keep;
And grant that when I hear the cock to crow,
I then, like *Peter*, from my sin may go;
And so conceive that Princely bird was sent
To call upon me that I might repent,
And weep and grieve for all my sins, and say
Vouchsafe me pardon, good Lord, I thee pray;

And call to minde that gracious prodigall,
And not forget how I have wasted all
My life in sin; and so resolve this hour
To run with speed to my sweet Saviour,
And on my knees say *I have sin'd against thee*;
And then no doubt he will again receive me:
And that I may observe that stewards fact
Was so commended for a most wise act.
If I do so, I need not be afraid
My suite shall faile then nor be deny'd.
Lord, sowe this seed upon that fertile mold,
Where every corn may bring an hundred fold.
But I am still, as hereto I have been,
O'recome with mine own best beloved sin:
For all these are not able me remove,
But I will yet forsake my God above.
O curs'd, curs'd, curs'd, curs'd thou;
Why didst so long unto this *Beast* bow?
What hast thou got for all thy service done?
I fear thou'lt finde this onely, *Thou art undone.*
Stretch out thy hand, & show thy gruth is gotten.
Thou'lt see'e (at best) 'twill prove to be but rotten.
Do but examine where lieth all thy gaine,
Thou'lt finde nought left, except it be some paine,
Where rests that profit by thy pleasure taken?
Even onely in this; thou art of Christ forsaken.
O curs'd, curs'd, curs'd, curs'd thou,
Hast had so much, and canst show none on't now.
Thou'lt say th'hadst pleasure; where now doth rest
In a guilty conscience boyling in thy breast.

Tel

Tell now what pleasure thou shalt find in this?
Thou'lt say thy heart shall gaine by it some ease:
Let's see that ease thy pleasure hath obtained.
Thou'lt finde that onely hell therby is gained.
Ungodlinesse be, which thou seekst for such gaine
As yeeldeth nothing but eternall paines.
O wicked heart, will nothing yeeld thee ease,
But onely that thy Saviour doth displease?
Will nothing please, but what procureth paine,
As if in loosing rested all thy gaine?
What's this thing *Pleasure*, which so much de-
Even piece of hell, the thought whereof me frighteth?
Hope of fruition, essence is of pleasure:
Th' insatiate minde is nye without all measure.
Nought can confine it in this earthly case,
Which kills it self, this pleasure to embrace;
And being had, no sooner got, but gone;
So as indeed it proveth pleasure none.
Hope thou, my soul, thy Saviour Christ to see:
What's out of him, no pleasure it can be.
Look, thy unlimited minde be ever set
Upon thy Saviour; him do ne'er forget:
For in him onely 's pleasure worth the tasting,
Which will continue without end everlasting.
Hope for that pleasure who's delight is heavenly;
And hate all other are at best but earthly.
Thy that sweet hope at ne'er so high a rate;
And of it be thou aye insatiate.
Hope thou in the fruition of this pleasure
Cannot be bought with any earthly treasure.

O thou proud heart, thy self, wilt rather kill,
Then be abridged of thy wicked will.
Malicious heart, wilt make thy self be slaine,
To gaine thy corpes no gaine eternal gaine.
Thou envious heart, because thy self condemn'd
Wilt not thy precious soul should be redeem'd.
Aske but thy conscience, it will plainly tell thee
Thy sins are such, as hell hath justly gain'd thee.
O fearful, frantick, when wilt thou begin
Forsake to fill thy hollow heart with sin?
O cruel, cruel, wilt thou ne'r have done,
Till heart, and soul, and all be utterly undone?
O wretch, O wretch, will nothing turn thy course
But thou wilt every day grow worse and worse?
O flie, man, flie, for thou hast lost the field,
Make haste to flie, or else be forc'd to yield:
And then thou knowest no quarter will be given
But streight to hell, for th' art not come at heaven
And so I fear I shall be loath to dye,
Because I may not come my Saviour nigh;
But thrown out down unto the deepest hell,
And therein doom'd with fiends for ever dwell.
Is nothing able thee for to perswade,
But thou wilt yet unto thy sin severe?
Art so resolv'd to live in horrid sin,
As thy amendment thou wilt ne'r begin?
Are all thy members still so fructified,
As nought can work them to be mortified?
Wilt yet run on in this most wicked way,
Which leads directly into hell to stay?

Do all thy actions thither aime and tend?
And wilt thou never seek them to amend?
Now all thy life hath Satan guided thee,
And wilt thou never from this feind to flee?
Wilt thou go on, as hereto thou hast done,
Forgetting all what ioe'r may be to come?
Shall I ne'r venture once to look on death,
Until he come to take away my breath?
Have I spent all my yeers as yet in vaine,
So as I am now to begin againe?
Have I been going all my life awry,
And yet the right way could I not espie?
Have I had eyes, and never yet could see
Nor Satan, nor his wicked treachetie?
Have I been going full out leventy yeers,
And clean by that good way, as it appeers?
What time can now be left to me behinde,
If I should hap the right way once to finde,
To travel this way, gainst hill back againe,
Which I have gone down hill so long in vaine?
What meanes have I some blessed guide to get,
Shall me in that narrow way both keep and let;
The way to life, which I so much require,
And which I do with all my heart desire?
O wretched heart, for it is onely thee
Who hath me brought to this great misery:
For thou hast alwayes lov'd to go astray,
And never yet wouldst keep the right way.
That way to life, which thou didst love to shun,
So long, that now thy self art utterly undone;

And more then so, for thy sweet soul is lost
Which thy dear Saviour bought with so much cost.
O wretch, O wretch, now turn thy self aside,
And see if thou canst finde some blessed guide:
For now must thou thy compass either turn,
Or else be sure in deepest hell to burn;
Since of thy self thou hast in thee no power
To keep the right way, not for one half hour,
If that by chance thou shouldst it hap to finde:
For thou by nature art become so blinde,
As if thou were in that right way to day,
Thou art not able it but long to stay,
Without some help; and help there can be none
But onely Christ, and onely he alone:
For there is none, thy Saviour beside,
Can undertake to be to thee a guide.
Then bend thy knees, and to him heartily pray,
That he will take this stony heart away,
Which hath misled it self and thee so far,
That without him thy wound is without cure.
But now me thinks I hear thee thus to say,
With what force canst thou to thy Saviour pray,
Whom thou hast all thy life so long abused,
And hast him likewise wilfully refused?
Neglecting him when he did lovingly call,
And to him never would give ear at all,
When he his messengers of purpose sent,
Intreating thee, for Jesus sake, repent,
And turn again unto thy Saviour:
And this he did, even every several hour.

As thine own conſcience can within thee tell,
That this is much, it knoweth but too well:
And yet didſt thou, vile wretch, moſt wilfully
Forſake thy God, and from thy Saviour fly,
Though he did yet moſt lovingly follow ſtill,
To try if he by gifts might win thy will
To turn againe; and to thy Maker he
Became a loving ſuiter unto thee;
And with great bleſſings he did thee invite,
That thou wouldſt love to live within his ſight.
Then thou ſometime wouldſt to thy Saviour cry,
O Lord, I come, or elſe in hell I dye:
But preſently the tempter came againe,
And would not let thee in right way remaine:
And when the Serpent had beguiled thee,
And thou begun anew thy ſin to ſee,
Then thou wouldſt gladly to thy Saviour go,
And pray him pleaſe that he would help the fro
That man of ſin, who had thee whilome gain'd
To act ſome ſin from which thou not refrain'd:
And th' pleaſure paſt thou then againe begun
To ſhame with that thou hadſt but newly done:
And then wouldſt thou unto thy God againe,
Who it may be ſhould which thee a while remaine;
But if he pleas'd but turned from thee aſide,
Then thou againe away from him didſt glide.
And this hath been thy daily wonted uſe,
Unto thy God's, and thine own ſouls abuſe:
Whereby he now in equal juſtice may,
If he thinks good, call thee from hence away:

But

But that his mercy's known to be much more,
And all his other attributes before?
So that there's hope if thou hast grace to pray,
That this foul Satan may be driven away,
Where he shall ne'er attempt on thee againe,
If in thy Saviour thou hast grace remaine;
And to him onely thou thy self apply,
Who able is, and will most willingly
Help all of them that on his name do call,
If they bring with them heart, and soul, and all;
Or else 'tis boodles offer to him go,
For without th'heart be sure he will say no.
Then call this heart of mine, thou blessed Lord,
Which thou hast made in me by thine own word:
Vouchsafe be pleas'd, good Lord, to call it so,
As it from henceforth never further go
From thee my God, my Saviour, and my King,
But ever more thy worthy praises sing.
And grant, good God, that though my body trade
In earthly things, because on earth 'twas made;
Yet that my soul may aye ascend on high,
And ever love the sacred Deity.
Then fast and pray, and fast and pray againe,
That thou in sin do never more remaine;
But herehence hartily thou thy self repent,
Performing duly wherefore thou was sent;
Which was, to serve thy God and King alway,
And in his service ever live and stay:
For all the time that he to thee hath lent,
Ought in this service to be solely spent;

Since

Since thou the lewdest many servants hadst
Though some of them have been appointed bad,
Yet thou didst always this of them expect
That they should the best what was thine respect
And if they cattle sick or decayed were
Then doubtless thou would'st very angry be
But if they should grant not supply in wood
When thou wast ready smite them with thy sword
And though their wages were but very small
Yet thou expectedst they should spend even all
Their time as thou by order didst direct,
Or else such servants thou wouldst not protect
About thy house, but frowning thrust them out,
And then like vagabonds they wont about
Reflect, my soul, awhile upon thy self,
Let conscience say what thou hast done for pelf,
And pleasing that foul filthy flesh of thine,
Wherein is spent most part of all thy time:
For if thou didst resolve one hour to spare
In holy service of thy Saviour there
Where Saints should be, yet shall that hour unfold
Was long and tedious to thy tired minde
Who then had thoughts of divers several things;
And not attent to that which Angels sings.
O what a wretched wretched creature thou
Who seems to run thy knees to God to bow;
And yet thy heart is all a whoring gone,
So that thy God indeed hath service none.
O wretch, O wretch, with what face canst thou
Or any spiritual blessings look to have

A Of

Of him who hath so much increase thy store,
And doth bestow on thee poor man heare more
Then erst became that heart of thine to aske,
Or without shame thou couldst of him desire?
Yet thou a wretch, ungratefull wretch, so think
Thou are born to live for nought but eat & drink,
And so to do as though indeed there were
No place of seeking any where
Then on this earth where we do live, and see
Nought else but what appeareth to the eye
Of this our flesh, but not of that our faith;
For it hath often told, and to thy soul now saith
That thou are blinde, and therefore canst not see
That thou hast any living soul in thee.
O wretch, O wretch, O thou most healthy wretch,
Hast lived so long, and yet thou art to teach
That there is now a living soul in thee,
Which daily doth expect eternitie;
Which on this earth by no meanes can be gotten,
For earthly things, at best are all but rotten.
O thou my soul, shake off this clayie case,
This case of mine, which is so filthy base
As to forget that it ought ever live
For him alone who did this life to give;
Yet give he did not, but it onely lent,
And looks to have it to him safely sent,
For to dispose of as he thinketh best;
Or go thou down, thou curst, or come thou up blest.
O think, my soul, think seriously of this line,
In thinking of it, now spend all thy time.

A man of reason would esteem of this,
A theam sufficient for eternal bliss.
Then ruminate upon this pithy line,
And keep it alwayes in that heart of thine;
And it will bring thee to thy way aright:
Then leave not thinking, neither day nor night;
But bear't about thee, ever in thy minde,
And thou shalt surely in it treasure finde.
But if thou think or intend to gaine this treasure,
Thou must this day give o're all earthly pleasure,
Or else be sure thou shalt with sorrow prove
Thy self accursed by great *Jehovah* above.
Then look in time, and do thou fear this cursing;
And lieu thereof, do strive to gaine this blessing.
Sweet Jesu grant that I may here so live,
As thou maist please vouchsafe unto me give,
At my departure, this my lateſt doome,
Blessed of the Lord, do thou unto me come,
O here, my soul, be sure set up thy rest,
And keep this alwayes in thy bony breast;
And write it there: thou'lt finde it is so good,
It doth deserve for to be writ in blood:
For here thy deerest blood were well bestowed,
To gaine that blessing in these lines is showed;
Which thou must either now on earth obtaine,
Or else thy dayes are all spent but in vaine:
And if onely so, the matter's so much less,
Though it were loss of thine eternal bliss:
But thou, in lieu thereof, shalt surely gain
Both loss of bliss, and eke eternal pain.

O cruel, cruel, wretched, wretched thee,
That wilt not ſolely in his ſervice be,
Who loſt his deareſt blood and life to bring
Thee to be capable of that great bleſſing,
Which none can have but onely them alone,
Who come to gaine it by his paſſion.
Then thou, my ſoul, his paſſion ſo apply,
As through it only thou maiſt live, not dye.
Apply it then, and do apply it right,
And it will keep thee alwayes in his ſight,
Who dyed for thee, and greatly did deſire
That he may free thee from th' infernal fire,
Wherein thy conſcience tells thee thou muſt burn,
Except thou quickly to thy Saviour turn.
Then turn thou to him, and turn to him ſo,
As thou gaine not this doleful word of *Go*.
O fearful ſaying, of all the very worſt,
That erſt was heard theſe words of *Go accurſt*.
O horrid, horrid, horrid, fearful thing,
To be caſt out from ſight of this our king,
Who lovingly did freely ſuffer death,
To bring thee ſinner to eternal life.
Then gaine this life, how deer ſoere it coſt:
For this, of all whatſoere, concerns thee moſt.
Then think of this, and think on't ſeriouſly,
And it will teach thee live moſt vertuouſly;
And then be ſure that thou in th' end ſhalt have
What this thy ſoul can in it ſoul but crave.
Then crave it, crave it; do thou crave with zeal
That Chriſt himſelf may to thy ſoul reveal

The ſecret vertue of his death and blood,
Which he ſo ſhed for thine eternal good.
Here do thou build; here's good foundation,
Freed from all danger of inundation;
The onely rock whereon ſtands ſaving health,
Which is more worth then all this worldly wealth:
For herein ſolely's perfect happineſs,
The very eſſence of all bleſſedneſs.
Here build, my ſoul, and do thou build ſo high,
That th' building reach above the ſtarry skie,
Where thy bleſt Saviour ſits himſelf alone,
Upon that bleſſed glorious heavenly throne;
Which none beholds, but them are onely his,
And by his paſſion enter into bliſs:
For all th' accurſed are from thence thrown down
By God above, with ſuch a furious frown,
As they ſhall ne'er enabled be to ſee
The face of th' ſacred glorious Trinitie.
O fear, O fear, beyond all other fears,
The thought whereof my very heart even tears.
Then if thou wilt this hideous fear prevent,
Remember th' cauſe for which was't hither ſent:
And if thou doſt not that thy end forget,
It may procure a place for thee to ſit
Among that glorious heavenly angels quire,
Which is thy ſoul's it chief and ſole deſire.
O be not thou ſo far then overſeen,
As thou haſt all thy lifetime hereto been,
To ſleep in ſin, and that ſo ſecurely,
As though in it thou didſt intend to dye.

But now 'tis time to rouze thy self from sleep,
If thou intend from sin thy self to keep;
Or else be sure in lieu of sleeping sink
Into that horrid fearful place of stink,
Where thou shalt live depriv'd of heavenly bliss,
Or sight of heaven, where thy sweet Saviour is.
Then sleep no more, but rise, and stand, and pray,
And to thy Saviour do thou alwayes say,
Come, blessed Lord, vouchsafe on me to call,
That I do never herehence from thee fall:
But if I do, then call, good Lord, againe,
That I from sin my self may now refraine,
And freely come to thee at this thy call,
And so in time prevent that fatal fall,
From whence no hope that thou canst rise againe,
But ever live eternally in paine.
Then stand in fear to fall, if thou be wise,
And from thy sleep (in haste) do now arise;
And fast and pray, and fall upon the ground,
That blessings may from heaven on thee abound:
And these thy prayers do thou iterate,
That they thereby thy paines may mitigate,
And heav thy soul up to the heavens, from whence
(If not) thou must receive due recompence
For sin, the wage whereof assure thy self is death,
VVhich thou must pay, with loss of deerest breath.
Then do thou look upon this death againe,
And see if he be now the very same
He seem'd to be when justly thou condemn'd
Thy self of sin, which did so fore offend.

Thy God and King, who't was did place thee here,
That thou mightst alwayes live of him in fear:
And then thou shouldst not need have any care,
Though death did come, and take thee to his share.
Death hath no power that man at all to harme,
Who is defended by *Jehovah*'s arme:
And though that death indeed o'recometh all,
He onely comes when God himself doth call.
For God makes death to be his instrument,
To strike when he by God alone is sent.
Then make thy suite to thy blest Saviour sweet,
As 'tis thy duty, and not all is meet,
That he will please both thee and thine defend
From deadly sin, until thy life have end;
And then fear not, for sure thou shalt not miss
Of gaining that, is thine eternal bliss,
Which is prepar'd for all that onely cry
Upon their blessed Saviour heartily.
But this most sinful hollow heart of mine
Doth stay my soul, that it can never shine
As it desires, but forced is comply
With my hard heart, which daily doth deny
To entertaine ought that shall tend to good,
But ill it loves, like as doth stomack food.
Vouchsafe, good Lord, I do most humbly pray,
Be pleas'd to take this tempter quite away:
For it is he who maketh me thus blinde, (winde:
And leads this man even up and down with th'
For whereso'ere the winde doth turn to blow,
That way doth he entice me likewise now.

O teach, O teach me, Lord, I humbly pray,
That I in thee may ever live and ſtay;
And ſo to ſhun each ill occaſion,
Which doth proceed of that illuſion
Of him is wont, and yet ſtill leadeth me
To take his bait, and ſo to forſake thee.
Deceitful bait, which did me ſo entice
The apple eate, and yield my life the price.
O wretch, O wretch, that will ſo wretched be;
Was never born a man ſo blinde as thee?
Thus to be gull'd, as thou haſt ever been,
To looſe thy life in lieu of a little ſin?
Was ever ſinner ſeen ſo fool'd as thou,
To ſuch a feind as Satan is, to bow?
Yea, though thou ſeeſt him plainly 'fore thy face,
Yet thou doſt hold it for no great diſgrace
To be led by him as thou willing art,
Becauſe he's harbour'd cloſe within thy heart.
O call thy wits about thee now at laſt,
When all thy dayes are done, and life is paſt.
Look at thy end. thou canſt not chuſe but ſee
How ſubtil Satan hath deluded thee;
Whereby thou now art brought to ſuch a ſtay,
As neither devil, nor yet this death can fray
Thee from thy ſin. O ſee, man, do thou ſee
What is that ſweet in pleaſing ſin can be,
Whereby th' art brought to be ſo overcom'd,
As all thy ſenſes are indeed benum'd.
For Satan makes thee ſo inſatiate,
As thy caſe now is grown be deſperate.

Did ever man by any pleaſure gaine,
When by that pleaſure he was in it ſlaine?
Is not he mad, that will of poiſon eat,
Although he have not any other meat?
Will any drunkard pleaſing poiſon drink,
When ſuddain death doth make him down to ſink
To th' deepeſt hell, and there in it remaine
Without all hope of turning ere againe?
And yet art thou more mad by much then he,
And wilt not from this thy great madneſs be
Reform'd, but ſtill in madneſs thou runſt on,
Till thou haſt gain'd thy ſelf confuſion
Both of thy body and thy ſoul: and yet
Thou (wretched) doſt thy ſelf ſo far forget,
As thou wilt not ſo much as think of th' end
For which thy God did to this earth thee ſend.
Haſt thou thy ſenſe to take a taſte of food,
And difference make betwixt the ill and good,
And which of them doth beſt thy pallat pleaſe;
And by thy ſenſe art able judge of theſe?
But yet if thou didſt know of poiſon there,
I hope thou wouldſt not take it without fear,
And yet (mad man) ſo taken art with ſin,
Though worſe by much then poiſon be therein,
As that thou wilt not this thy ſin forbear,
But thou wilt act it boldly without fear?
Art thou not mad? nay further, more then ſo,
Thou runſt from heaven, that thou to hell maiſt go:
And yet 'twixt theſe there is a difference great.
He that is mad, hath no taſt of his meat,

And

And ſo with madneſs may be overtaken;
For want of reaſon makes man be miſtaken.
But thy caſe differs from this mad mans much:
For thy mad ſenſes they cannot be ſuch,
Seeing they their reaſon with them do retaine,
And commit ſin, in hope to get ſome gaine;
As pleaſure, profit, or ſome private end,
Or ſomewhat elſe may unto pleaſure tend;
Which to the ſenſes plainly do appear,
Although in that (they ſurely ſenſleſs are)
And thereby they of ſelves and ſouls make ſale,
To gaine a thing being got's of no availe,
And yet by it they loſe eternal bliſs,
The onely end of perfect happineſs.
O fondling, fondling, do not fool away
Thy ſoul, as thou haſt done this preſent day,
For want of good and due conſideration,
Which is a maine ſtep to confuſion.
Do but conſider what is th' end of all,
And then there's hope that thou ſhalt never fall,
Except thou be as hereto thou haſt been,
Moſt wilfully bent to be loved ſin;
And then there is not any hope of thee,
But for thy ſin thou ſhalt be ſure to dye:
And thou ſhalt reap the wages therefore due;
For pleaſing ſins ill pleaſing death accrue.
Are there no threats can mollifie this heart?
Is't hardned ſo, in every ſeveral part,
As threats nor treats have power to enter there,
Till death do come, and with his dart appear?

And then wilt thou begin with sorrow finde
How Satan he hath made all of thee blinde,
And gull'd the so as thou shalt then well see
Thy very soul within hell gates to be;
And then, O then, with sorrow thou'lt begin
To weep and grieve for this thy deadly sin:
When time is past, and dayes one earth are done,
Then 'tis too late for thee thy sins to shun:
And then thou'lt see that thou thy self wast mad,
To sin so long, and that without all dread;
And never look nor aime at that thy end,
For which thy God did to this earth thee send:
Or if sometimes thou didst, yet presently
Thou felst to sin, and from thy Maker fly;
And though thy Saviour called on thee againe,
Yet still didst thou in that thy sin remaine,
And turn thy back when God himself did call,
And wouldst not turn thy self to God at all.
So as thou canst not now of right repine,
If he should smite this wicked heart of thine,
And in his anger from heaven throw it down
From out his presence, with an angry frown;
And further say unto thee, *Curſed, go*
To hell, which is prepared for thy wo.
O wo beyond all other kinde of woes,
To him that runs from heaven, to hell that goes.
O wretched, wretched, wretched miscreant thou,
To leave thy God, and to his enemy bow:
For both of these do admit of no mean,
Since God and Mammon they do differ clean.

Then leave thy madness, and do now become.
A new man 'fore that dreadful day of doome.
There's yet some hope, if thou hast any grace,
By help of Christ, for thee to gaine a place
Within that City new Jerusalem,
Which is prepar'd for every each one of them
That to him come with humble heart and voice,
And in his service do live and rejoyce;
And do repent them of their former sin
And wicked life which they have lived in.
Then do repent, if thou hast any grace,
Although for it there's but a little space:
The lesser time, the sorrow's so much more;
Then fill this short time now with sorrow store;
And weep and grieve for all thy sins, and groan,
And to thy Saviour make thy sorrowful moan.
It may be he will please to lend his ear,
If that thy sorrow from heart roots appear:
But if thy sorrows should not come from thence,
Ne'er think that he will pardon thine offence.
Then search each hollow in thy sinful heart,
And look that Satan have not any part:
For if that feind shall have but the least share,
Be sure thy Saviour he will not come there:
For he will have thy heart himself alone,
And partners in it he 'll admit of none.
Then bend thy knees, and lift to heaven thy heart
That God on high may hear, by whom thou art
In some hope yet of gaining heavenly bliss,
If he'l but say that thou art onely his;

VVhich he hath promised faithfully perform
To all of them that to him heartily turn.
Then turn, my soul, with heart and minde, and all,
To this good God, who thee doth often call,
And is desirous for to receive thee,
If heart and minde do thereto but agree
To leave thy sin, and of it to repent,
And really, with good and true intent,
Resolve for ever to continue free
From Satan's subtil slightful gullerie,
And further make good restitution
Of all the wrongs to any thou hast done;
Then willingly be sure he will thee hear,
And to thy suite he will apply his ear,
And yield thee comfort from the heavens above,
Thy Saviour sweet, who's God of peace and love;
And is desirous to have sinners all
To come to him, and doth them often call.
Then to him, to him, do thou freely run;
For he doth no man's prayers use to shun
Are made in zeal, but willingly will them hear,
And to them then most lovingly will appear,
And grant them all their hearts petition,
And of their sins a full remission:
But this remission thou thy self must gain,
VVith grief and sorrow, and some bod'ly pain:
For all thy members must of pain partake,
As well thy aged limes as that thy heart.
Then teach thy knees, that they may bow & bend
To God on high, who did them to thee lend,

Not for to serve his cruel enemy,
But rather 'twas to eschew his company.
Then flie him, flie him, and do him forsake,
That he be never able thee o'retake:
For he is alwayes waiting opportunity
To wind himself into thy company;
And there he seemes a faithful friend to be,
When he's profest thy deadliest enemy;
And fawnes, and flatters, and doth love to lye,
For fear that falshood thou in him might spy:
For he is cunning in each one of these,
And doth desire thy senses for to please,
That he with slight might so to them winde in,
As he may keep them still in their own sin,
By offering some faire goodly guilded pills,
Who's golden outside's stuft with inward ills.
Beware of such, for such he often useth;
And with such shifts (fond man) he thee abuseth.
O trust him not; for he's at best a thief,
And seeks his own ends, but in fine thy grief;
For he delights himself in nothing more,
Then to see a man who is to sin given o're;
And such a one he likes and loveth well,
And to him will he pleasing stories tell
Of great contentment he shall surely have,
But ne'er a word as yet he'l speak of grave:
Or if he do, there's time enough, he'l say;
Thou maist do that upon some other day.
But take time now, whenas the time doth serve,
If thou intend thy soul for to preserve:

For

For time will not be tyed to th' beſt mans leaſure,
Therefore this day do thou give o're thy pleaſure;
And think of death, who 's knocking at thy door,
And enter may, perchance, within an hour;
Except thy hearty prayers him prevent,
Being made to that *Jehovah* hath him ſent.
Then ſue to him, who is thy Saviour ſweet,
And on thy knees moſt humbly him entreat,
That he will pleaſe to ſafe keep thee from ſin,
Which all thy life thou haſt lov'd and lived in;
And pray that henceforth thou maiſt live aright,
Being ever mindful thou art in his ſight;
As if this were of life thy longeſt day,
And thou mightſt here on earth no longer ſtay,
But yet before this day might have an end,
Thy Saviour ſhould for thee this ſervant ſend,
And call of thee to make a ſtrict accompt
Of ſins whoſe ſum I fear will highly mount;
As well thy thoughts, and idle words and deeds,
As what thou doſt nor do, nor think, nor heeds:
And then wilt thou intreat him he will ſpare
Thee yet a while, that thou maiſt thee prepare
To make thy reck'ning ſuch as may be ſtreight,
Which thou ne'er dream'dſt it ſhould ere come to light;
Or if thou didſt, thy ſin's ſo much the more,
That being known, thou didſt not do't before,
Whil'ſt thou hadſt time; becauſe in time thou might
Have made thy reck'ning ſuch as ſhould be right;
But now th' art taken in that Satans ſnare,
Becauſe thou didſt not thee in time prepare.

Then

Then think, my soul, in what case thou art in,
O'recome with thy own best beloved sin,
Whereof thou alwayes hast more reek'ning made,
Then of thy Saviour was for the betrayed,
And suffer paines of death for thy sins sake,
That free from death he might thee (sinner) make;
Although himself did never sin at all,
But to preserve thee, that thou shouldst not fall.
O what a loving kinde, sweet Saviour's this
Who came from heaven, that glorious place of bliss
Down to this earth, where he did freely give
His life, that thou through him mightst ever live.
Then live in him, and do him ever love,
This thy good God, *Jehovah*, who's above:
Here stay, my soul, a while, and ruminate
What blessings came by Christ to thy estate,
Even the onely death of this thy God and king,
And evermore to him due praises sing:
For he doth well deserve the same alwayes;
Then sing with joy to him eternal praise.
O sing, my soul, and now let's jovial be,
That this thy Saviour pleas'd to dye for thee.
But if it were for thee thy Saviour dyed,
Then must thy life to his be thus applyed.
Have I lived so as my Saviour Christ hath done,
Although he were God's own and onely Son?
Who never had but one poor simple coate,
And that even plain, not laid with lace, I wot,
But was all woven without any seam:
Marke well this coate, for it's a worthy theam

To

To think upon, since it so well became
Both childe and man, and alwayes was the same,
And grew as he grew, yet it did not wear,
Nor waxed old, but did indeed appear
As fresh at last, when as it was put off,
As 't was at first, when as it was put on.
He had nor hat, nor band, nor had he boots,
Nor any change had he of other suits.
For head and feet he did not like thee care,
But all his life he ever ware them bare:
And when he prayed, his knees were ever such;
For his fleshly corpes he ne'er respected much,
But kneeled alwayes down upon the ground;
For cushions were as yet not to be found.
I do not hear that he did eat his fill;
Of too much meat there ever cometh ill:
But I am well assured that he did fast
Till fourty dayes were ended all and past,
Nor do I read that he did use drink much;
For doubtless sin is often seen in such:
Nor did he look to lye so very soft,
As most of men will now a dayes do oft,
But on bare earth was ever his best bed,
Whereon he alwayes us'd to lay his head,
If lye at all. And yet for all of this,
The earth it self, and all therein, were his.
Now thus, my soul, say to my sinful heart,
If thou expect in Christ have any part,
Dost thou not fine apparel like and love?
For by it thou thy self art set above

Then leave thy madneſs, and do now become.
A new man 'fore that dreadful day of doome.
There's yet ſome hope, if thou haſt any grace,
By help of Chriſt, for thee to gaine a place
Within that City new Jeruſalem,
Which is prepar'd for every each one of them
That to him come with humble heart and voice,
And in his ſervice do live and rejoyce;
And do repent them of their former ſin
And wicked life which they have lived in.
Then do repent, if thou haſt any grace,
Although for it there's but a little ſpace:
The leſſer time the ſorrow's ſo much more;
Then fill this ſhort time now with ſorrow ſtore;
And weep and grieve for all thy ſins and groan,
And to thy Saviour make thy ſorrowful moan.
It may be he will pleaſe to lend his ear,
If that thy ſorrow from heart roots appear:
But if thy ſorrows ſhould not come from thence,
Ne'er think that he will pardon thine offence.
Then ſearch each hollow in thy ſinful heart,
And look that Satan have not any part:
For if that feind ſhall have but the leaſt ſhare,
Be ſure thy Saviour he will not come there:
For he will have thy heart himſelf alone,
And partners in it he 'll admit of none.
Then bend thy knees, and lift to heaven thy heart
That God on high may hear, by whom thou art
In ſome hope yet of gaining heavenly bliſs,
If he'l but ſay that thou art onely his;

VVhich he hath promiſed faithfully perform
To all of them that to him heartily turn.
Then turn, my ſoul, with heart, and minde, and all,
To this good God, who thee doth often call,
And is deſirous for to receive thee,
If heart and minde do thereto but agree
To leave thy ſin, and of it to repent,
And really, with good and true intent,
Reſolve for ever to continue free
From Satan's ſubtil ſlightful gullerie,
And further make good reſtitution
Of all the wrongs to any thou haſt done;
Then willingly be ſure he will thee hear,
And to thy ſuite he will apply his ear,
And yield thee comfort from the heavens above,
Thy Saviour ſweet, who's God of peace and love;
And is deſirous to have ſinners all
To come to him, and doth them often call.
Then to him, to him, do thou freely run;
For he doth no man's prayers uſe to ſhun
Are made in zeal, but willingly will them hear,
And to them then moſt lovingly will appear,
And grant them all their hearts petition,
And of their ſins a full remiſſion:
But this remiſſion thou thy ſelf muſt gain,
VVith grief and ſorrow, and ſome bod'ly pain:
For all thy members muſt of pain partake,
As well thy aged limes as that thy heart.
Then teach thy knees, that they may bow & bend
To God on high, who did them to thee lend,

Not for to ſerve his cruel enemy,
But rather 'twas to eſchew his company.
Then flie him, flie him, and do him forſake,
That he be never able thee o'retake:
For he is alwayes waiting oportunity
To wind himſelf into thy company;
And there he ſeemes a faithful friend to be,
When he's profeſt thy deadlieſt enemy;
And fawnes, and flatters, and doth love to lye,
For fear that falſhood thou in him might ſpy:
For he is cunning in each one of theſe,
And doth deſire thy ſenſes for to pleaſe,
That he with ſlight might ſo to them winde in,
As he may keep them ſtill in their own ſin,
By offering ſome faire goodly guilded pills,
Who's golden outſide's ſtuft with inward ills.
Beware of ſuch, for ſuch he often uſeth;
And with ſuch ſhifts (fond man) he thee abuſeth.
O truſt him not; for he's at beſt a thief,
And ſeeks his own ends, but in fine thy grief;
For he delights himſelf in nothing more,
Then to ſee a man who is to ſin given o're;
And ſuch a one he likes and loveth well,
And to him will he pleaſing ſtories tell
Of great contentment he ſhall ſurely have,
But ne'er a word as yet he'l ſpeak of grave:
Or if he do, there's time enough, he'l ſay;
Thou maiſt do that upon ſome other day.
But take time now, whenas the time doth ſerve,
If thou intend thy ſoul for to preſerve:

For

For time will not be tyed to th' beſt mans leaſure,
Therefore this day do thou give o're thy pleaſure;
And think of death, who 's knocking at thy door,
And enter may, perchance, within an hour;
Except thy hearty prayers him prevent,
Being made to that *Jehovah* hath him ſent.
Then ſue to him, who is thy Saviour ſweet,
And on thy knees moſt humbly him entreat,
That he will pleaſe to ſafe keep thee from ſin,
Which all thy life thou haſt lov'd and lived in;
And pray that henceforth thou maiſt live aright,
Being ever mindful thou art in his ſight;
As if this were of life thy longeſt day,
And thou mightſt here on earth no longer ſtay,
But yet before this day might have an end,
Thy Saviour ſhould for thee this ſervant ſend,
And call of thee to make a ſtrict accompt
Of ſins whoſe ſum I fear will highly mount;
As well thy thoughts, and idle words and deeds,
As what thou doſt nor do, nor think, nor heeds:
And then wilt thou intreat him he will ſpare
Thee yet a while, that thou maiſt thee prepare
To make thy reck'ning ſuch as may be ſtreight,
Which thou ne'er dream'dſt it ſhould ere come to light;
Or if thou didſt, thy ſin's ſo much the more,
That being known, thou didſt not do't before,
Whil'ſt thou hadſt time; becauſe in time thou might
Have made thy reck'ning ſuch as ſhould be right;
But now th' art taken in that Satans ſnare,
Becauſe thou didſt not thee in time prepare.

Then

Then think, my ſoul, in what caſe thou art in,
O'recome with thy own beſt beloved ſin,
Whereof thou alwayes haſt more reek'ning made,
Then of thy Saviour was for the betrayed,
And ſuffer paines of death for thy ſins ſake,
That free from death he might thee (ſinner) make;
Although himſelf did never ſin at all,
But to preſerve thee, that thou ſhouldſt not fall.
O what a loving kinde, ſweet Saviour's this
Who came from heaven, that glorious place of bliſs
Down to this earth, where he did freely give
His life, that thou through him mightſt ever live.
Then live in him, and do him ever love,
This thy good God, *Jehovah*, who's above:
Here ſtay, my ſoul, a while, and ruminate
What bleſſings came by Chriſt to thy eſtate,
Even the onely death of this thy God and king.
And evermore to him due praiſes ſing:
For he doth well deſerve the ſame alwayes;
Then ſing with joy to him eternal praiſe.
O ſing, my ſoul, and now let's jovial be,
That this thy Saviour pleas'd to dye for thee.
But if it were for thee thy Saviour dyed,
Then muſt thy life to his be thus applyed.
Have I lived ſo as my Saviour Chriſt hath done,
Although he were God's own and onely Son?
Who never had but one poor ſimple coate,
And that even plain, not laid with lace, I wot,
But was all woven without any ſeam:
Marke well this coate, for it's a worthy theam

To think upon, ſince it ſo well became
Both childe and man, and alwayes was the ſame,
And grew as he grew, yet it did not wear,
Nor waxed old, but did indeed appear
As freſh at laſt, when as it was put off,
As 't was at firſt, when as it was put on.
He had nor hat, nor band, nor had he boots,
Nor any change had he of other ſuits.
For head and feet he did not like thee care,
But all his life he ever ware them bare:
And when he prayed, his knees were ever ſuch;
For his fleſhly corpes he ne'er reſpected much,
But kneeled alwayes down upon the ground;
For cuſhions were as yet not to be found,
I do not hear that he did eat his fill;
Of too much meat there ever cometh ill:
But I am well aſſured that he did faſt
Till fourty dayes were ended all and paſt,
Nor do I read that he did uſe drink much;
For doubtleſs ſin is often ſeen in ſuch:
Nor did he look to lye ſo very ſoft,
As moſt of men will now a dayes do oft,
But on bare earth was ever his beſt bed,
Whereon he alwayes us'd to lay his head,
If lye at all. And yet for all of this,
The earth it ſelf, and all therein, were his.
Now thus, my ſoul, ſay to my ſinful heart,
If thou expect in Chriſt have any part,
Doſt thou not fine apparel like and love?
For by it thou thy ſelf art ſet above

Some neighbours, who much better do deſerve,
But that thy cloathes 'fore them do thee prefer;
Whereby thy heart is ſomwhat touch'd with pride,
If there be nothing in it elſe beſide.
He was not wont to alter his old faſhion,
But us'd the ſame in every ſeveral Nation.
Haſt thou done thus? I ſtand in fear on't much;
For now in *England* faſhion is not ſuch;
But thought it better out of th' world have been,
Then out of faſhion in the world been ſeen.
But know betimes, who uſe this faſhion follow,
Shall bring their ſoul in th' end to mickle ſorrow.
Haſt thou, my heart, obſerved his bare head?
Or doſt thou keep thine own uncovered,
Even in the temple? ſince example's much;
For there be many fools are led by ſuch.
Or doſt thou uſe in thy privy chamber ſo,
When to thy Saviour art reſolved to go?
I know to th' moſt thou wilt put off thy hat,
And yet ſometimes there may be pride in that.
And here obſerve what thou thy ſelf haſt ſeen,
How many faſhions have in *England* been
Of theſe ſame hats, which ſure at firſt were ſent
But for an idle needleſs ornament;
And yet of them one faſhion will not ſtand (Land.
Scant twice twelve months within our Engliſh
If thou have a ſuit unto an earthly lord,
That he'l but pleaſe to ſpeak for thee a word,
I hope thou'lt then come with thy hat in hand,
Although't be made but for ſome ſmal demand;

And

And yet now when thy life and all 's at ſtake,
And thou alone muſt to thy Saviour make,
Who 's King of kings, and alſo Lord of lords,
And makes them by his own and onely words;
Yet in his preſence thou (baſe earth) wilt ſtand,
Yet not vouchſafe to have thy hat in hand.
Conſider well, and think what this may be,
I am ſore afraid of a fearful ſin in thee. (bare?
When thou doſt kneel, are both thy knees then
Or doſt thou kneel at all, but onely there,
Among the choſen congregation
Whereas this kneeling is an uſual faſhion?
And doſt thou do it then on God's bare ground,
As thy ſweet Saviour oftentimes was found?
If not, I fear thou haſt thy God offended,
Becauſe thou prayedſt and yet thy knees unbended.
Haſt thou been uſed bareſooted for to go?
I fear thy heart will tell thee truly no.
Haſt thou forborn, being hungry, eat thy fill?
Or haſt not thou oft-times even eaten till
Thy ſtomack did deſire to have no more.
If ſo there were of pleaſing viands ſtore?
Nay hath not thine offence been ſometimes ſuch,
As that thy ſtomack did deſire too much?
Or haſt not thou been often choice of meat,
Or elſe with pleaſing pallat couldſt not eat?
Nay, haſt not thou ſometimes with too much coſt,
Provided what was pleaſing to thee moſt,
For to content thy dainty appetite?
I do much fear, herein thou didſt not right.

Haſt thou forborn at all to drink thy fill?
Or didſt not thou even drink ſo long until
Thy ſtomack did deſire to have no more,
If pleaſing wine there were but any ſtore?
Eſpecially when the drink did prove be ſuch,
Wherein thy pallat was but pleaſed much.
Nay haſt not thou thereby been ſometimes made
So very drunk, that thou would'ſt not be ſaid?
Then was't not ſin, in taking of this drink?
Yes ſure there was, and ſo I know doſt think.
Haſt thou forborne ſometimes to eat thy meat,
Whenas thy ſtomack did deſire to eat,
And hadſt it ready then within thy power?
Didſt thou forbear to eat for fourty hour?
And if thou didſt, then ſay now for what end
Didſt thou ſo faſt? was it from heart to ſend
Thy prayers up unto thy God on high,
Who for his ſervice onely did make thee?
And was it thus thy fleſhly luſt to tame,
Which needs would force thy body be to blame?
The tempter he did move thy Saviour much,
Yet Satans ſelf thy Saviour could not touch:
For he would not believe the Serpents wiles,
Since it is truſt which moſt of men beguiles.
Then faſt and pray, and do thou put thy truſt
In God alone; for he is onely juſt:
And fear this feind, and him forſake and flie,
And truſt him not, for he is too too ſlye.
But have an aiming alwayes at thy end,
And in thy way expect to meet this feind:

For he at all times well prepared is,
For to adviſe thee do what is amiſs.
And therein he doth take his moſt delight,
And will perſwade thee that thou art in right.
Haſt thou been us'd to lye upon the ground?
I fear there will but a very few ſuch be found.
Nay, haſt not thou delighted often lye
On th' ſofteſt bed thou couldeſt well come by?
And ſay, haſt thou forborn thy bed at all,
That on thy Saviour thou for grace mightſt call?
Nay haſt not rather much more loved ſleep,
Then that thou ſhouldſt from reſt thy body keep?
Nay, haſt not thou committed horrid ſin,
And without pardon on thy bed down lyen?
Nay, haſt not thou even often faln aſleep,
Without entreating God would pleaſe thee keep?
Nay, haſt thou thought how thou thy life haſt led,
That day before thou wentſt unto thy bed?
Didſt thou caſt up that day its ſin's accompt,
Or to ſuch cuſtome art thou daily wont?
Didſt thou give thanks to God for bleſſings ſent?
Of ſins committed didſt thou thee repent?
Nay rather, didſt not thou omit them both,
Becauſe leave ſleeping thou waſt very loath?
Nay, haſt not thou ſometimes thy ſleep forſaken,
To commit ſin, whenas thou waſt awaken?
Nay, haſt not thou forſaken thy ſweet ſleep,
That thou thy ſelf in pleaſing ſin mightſt keep?
Nay, haſt not thou ſpent many a life-long night,
To follow that, which was thou know'ſt not right?

Nay, haſt not thou delighted more in night,
Yea often better then thou didſt in light ?
Examine truly th' cauſe of this thy love,
If ſo it were to ſerve thy God above ;
Or rather was't not to avoid his ſight,
Who thou didſt dream unable ſee in night ?
O wretched beaſt, canſt thou conceive it ſo ?
Then be aſſured, that God thou doſt not know.
But 't cannot be that thou art of that minde,
But that the devil hath made all of thee blinde,
For fear thou ſhouldſt thy ſenſual ſin now ſee,
Which thine own conſcience knows a ſhame to be.
For never man on earth ſo brutiſh born,
But brutiſh ſin (if in his ſight) did ſcorn :
And therefore ſuch as work of darkneſs nam'd,
Becauſe, if ſeen, that man would be aſham'd.
O ſhameleſs man, that's blinde, and cannot ſee
How ſubtle Satan hath deluded thee,
To act a ſin in darkneſs of the night,
As though thou wert (then) out *Jehovah*'s ſight!
Yet though thy ſin were ſuch, and ended were,
Thy conſcience tells thee that thy God's not there,
Yet ſaw thy ſin, and alſo puniſh't will
Except thou doſt repent thee of that ill.
O then, for ſhame, repent thee of that fact, (act.
Wherewith thou bluſht to have been ſeen in th'
For though that mortals have no power to ſee,
Without the light comes from the Deitie ;
Yet God himſelf, who Maker was of light,
Did likewiſe make, for th' good of man, the night;

But

But not to hide our ſin it was he made it,
Although the Devil by cunning ſo abuſe it:
For he delights himſelf in darkneſs much,
And ſo do all of them are ſinners ſuch;
Whereby their conſcience doth them plainly tell,
They darkneſs love, and therefore ſhall have hell.
O horrid, horrid, fearful horrid minde, (blinde.
Which canſt not ſee that thou art even ſtone-
But thou wilt ſay, that thou didſt ſo much know,
But that even then thou didſt forget it though.
O wretch, O wretch, that canſt ſo ſoon forget
That thou haſt any ſoul within thee yet;
And that thy Saviour ſuffer'd death for thee,
If thou doſt fear and from this Satan flie:
But thou doſt yield to follow this feind ſtill,
And love him dearly with good heart and will;
Yet thinkſt that God himſelf cannot thee ſee,
Becauſe he's ſecret in thy heart with thee,
Which keepeth cloſe within thy brazen breſt,
Where none can come but them whom thou lik'ſt
Yet outwardly it plainly doth appear, (beſt.
Whom inwardly thou lov'ſt and harbourſt there:
For the very ſecrets of thy heart are ſhown
By the outward actions which are too wel known.
For, to proceed, thy conſcience can thee tell,
Not from above, but even from loweſt hell:
For 'twixt theſe two thou canſt not finde a mean,
But thou muſt either go to hell or heaven.
Then blame thy ſelf, if that thou doſt amiſs,
To make thy choice of that, and forſake this,

Hath

Hath ever man been born ſo blinde as he,
Which can, and may, and yet (oft) will not ſee?
For ſuch are all of them are ſo behaved,
Whoſe ſin to Satan hath their bodies ſlaved:
For they are well ſaid ſlaves to death and ſin,
Who faithful ſervants to the Devil have been.
O horrid, horrid; what more horrid ſtill,
To think of this which is the end of ill?
Can it be poſſible mans Reaſon ſhould forget,
'Fore all his actions th' end thereof to ſet?
But if a man be able ſee yet's blinde,
No marvaile then if he forget in's minde;
For that proceeds out of his wilfulneſs,
But this out of defect, forgetfulneſs:
And both theſe weapons doth the Serpent uſe,
And many more beſides, this man to abuſe:
And no great need, for that this man alone,
Even of himſelf, to ſin is ever prone;
And doth in's pleaſure take ſo much delight,
As what is wrong he will it ſhall be right.
Yet cannot he from ſuch vain thoughts be brought,
Cauſe blind to good, yet willing ſee what's nought.
O wretched man, to be of ſuch a feature,
And yet o'recome by ſuch a wicked nature!
And then thou'lt ſay, that this thy nature's ſuch,
And that thou art not able alter't much.
Art now become a very naturaliſt?
Even ſuch is every ſenſleſs natural beaſt,
As are the untamed Lion, Bear, or Bull,
Or like to that the beaſtly horſe or mule:

Yet

Yet all of theſe their nature ſo do heed,
As bounds of nature they do ne'er exceed.
For canſt thou make a horſe by force to eat,
When ſtomack doth not ſerve him to his meat?
Or canſt thou make him's belly for to fill,
Or yet to drink, if 't be againſt his will?
Examine conſcience, it may chance to ſay,
There is ſome man offended hath this way;
So as theſe creatures may right well ariſe,
To teach fond man how to become be wiſe.
But thou, I hope, haſt more in thee then ſo,
Or elſe hadſt thou ne'er been made man, I know:
Thou haſt, I am ſure, a living ſoul in thee;
But thou being blind, this ſoul thou wilt not ſee.
Yet when thy eyes are ope, thou plainly doſt,
And careful art that it ſhould not be loſt.
O then have care, keep ope theſe eyes of thine,
That they may make thy ſoul within thee ſhine
In ſight of him who did it in the make,
And gave his life even for thy own ſouls ſake.
Then to him, to him do thou freely go,
And pray that he will pleaſe thy eyes keep ſo,
Thou maiſt be bold to look up unto him
Without all dread, or any deadly ſin:
For he alone it is muſt thee defend,
Or elſe there's danger great of thee at th' end.
Then fall before him on thy bended knees,
Who heart, and thought, and all thy actions ſees;
And pray, and pray, and pray to him againe,
That he will pleaſe within thee to remaine,

And ope thy eyes, ſo as thou maiſt well ſee
The cruel torments he endur'd for thee;
And ever have them conſtantly in minde.
And then thou ſhalt not fear to become blind:
But ſuch thou art, and ſuch wilt ever be,
If that thy Saviour ſhall a while leave thee.
Then pray to him, and pray continually,
That he will keep thee for eternity.
Pray without ceaſing, do thou never lin,
Leſt that thou enter into horrid ſin:
For if thou ſhouldſt neglect to God to pray,
Be well aſſur'd he will no longer ſtay.
O ſtay with me, ſweet Jeſu, in my heart,
That I from thee herehence do ne'er depart;
But ever praying to thee night and day,
That in thy ſervice I may alwayes ſtay,
With heart, and ſoul, and all is in my minde;
But all of theſe are apt to become blinde.
For now my conſcience doth me plainly tell,
That all, even all of me is nothing well,
For that I ſee my thoughts do love to range,
And think of things are uncouth and moſt ſtrange,
Againſt my ſetled reſolution quite,
From what is good, to that which is not right:
And yet, O Lord, it is not in my power
To make them ſtay, no not for one half hour;
But they are gone, I do not well know where,
Sometimes far off, and ſometimes alſo neer;
And never reſt upon one ſtable theam,
But often flying out beyond the Realm.

So

So as from gadding they'l not ſtay for me.
I know not well what th' cauſe thereof ſhould be:
But by experience I do too well finde,
They'l not be guided by that is my minde;
Which ſolely's ſet to ſerve my God and King,
And evermore to him due praiſes ſing;
And ſtrive to keep them in that bleſſed way;
Nor never wander out, nor go aſtray. (gone,
But then, even then, my wandring thoughts are
And that perchance to ſome ſtrange region,
And never uſe ask of me any leave,
But of my good thoughts they do me bereave;
Whereby apparently I underſtand,
That my own thoughts are not in my own hand:
Nor is't in me with force them to reſtraine,
Where I deſire that they ſhould aye remaine;
But ſuddainly they roam and run about,
To finde that reſt which cannot be found out,
So as I am not able make them ſtay,
But they are gadding ſtill ſome other way.
For though I ſtrive with heart to make them think
What I am writing with this pen of ink,
Yet 'fore I get but half of one line done,
They are to ſeek, and from me quite out gone;
Though I deſire with all my very heart,
That they ſhould ſtay, and not from me depart
Till I have done what I in heart deſire,
And what my ſoul doth in it ſoul require:
Which is to cauſe them reſt alone in thee
Who hath me made, and likewiſe them in me.

But ſure if God did them unto me ſend,
He ſent them doubtleſs for ſome other end,
And not to reel and ramble up and down,
From this to that, and then to th' t'other town;
And never ſtay where I wiſh they ſhould be,
But alwayes running out abroad from me;
Whereby doth riſe a caſe full of ſome doubt
VVhat this may be which runneth thus about
From heaven to hell, and then to heaven againe;
But yet being there, will not in heaven remaine,
Where I deſire that they ſhould ever reſt,
Becauſe I know that place is ever bleſt
VVith the glorious preſence of my Saviour ſweet,
With whom my heart deſires my ſoul may meet;
And there to ſtay, and ever with him live,
Whoſe goodneſs did it freely to me give:
And then I doubt not but my ſoul ſhall reſt
VVhere I deſire, and do in heart requeſt
Thou wilt vouchſafe within me bleſs them ſo,
As they ſhall never from thy ſervice go.
In the mean time, till thou vouchſafe to ſay,
Come thou the bleſſed, come, and with me ſtay,
Here bide, my ſoul, and now ſet up thy reſt;
For by him ſolely thou art onely bleſt:
And have a care thou from him ne're depart,
Nor in thy thought, nor in thy very heart;
For this, I fear, will prove too much in blame,
Becauſe I am not able th'other tame:
For if my heart were of it ſelf upright,
It would not wander, nor be out on's ſight,

VVho freely gave it for no other end,
But him to ſerve even world without all end.
O wretched, wretched, beaſt that thou ſhouldſt be;
Haſt lived ſo long, and yet live wretchedly?
Not minding th' end for which was't hither ſent,
Forgetful alſo of thy ſins repent.
VVhat ſhall I think of this vile ill condition,
That after ſo much godly admotion
Of weakneſs great, if ſo I rightly call it;
But I think rather ſtrength I may ſo term it:
For ſure I am that it doth o'recome me,
And by my minde it will not ruled be:
For I deſire, with all my very heart,
My ſecrets ſolely to my God impart,
And in him wholly by true faith confide,
And in him ſolely in my ſoul reſide;
Yet I am drawn, I cannot well ſay how,
To think of things which I do not know now:
For ſuch are often got into my thought,
Which are not worthy of remembring ought,
If I ſhould have deſire them to recall,
Which is a thing not poſſible at all;
And if they could by me be ſpoke againe,
As they are hourly hatched in my braine,
A man might well be thought to be but mad,
Who in his head ſuch idle thoughts hath had,
Wherein is neither ſenſe, nor any reaſon,
Nor ought which is befitting any ſeaſon.
And ſome will ſay ſuch hath a giddy head:
I think moſt men are of that ſtampe indeed.

VVhen they'r not ſtable in their inward minde,
But alter ſo as doth th' inconſtant winde.
I marvaile not if ſome ſuch there ſhould be;
For ſuch I am ſure is I my ſelf, I ſee;
And yet my wit cannot it comprehend,
Why I this madneſs in me cannot mend;
Though I reſolve to force it with me ſtay
VVithin an inſtant it will me oreſway,
And many times to ſomethings that are ill,
And that directly 'gainſt what is my will.
So I am not able of my ſelf to ſay
VVhat this may be which hurrieth me away:
For though I ſet my minde to accompliſh this
I am about, which is not much amiſs
(As I conceive) yet in me is it ſo,
My wandring thoughts are carryed to and fro,
So as I cannot theſe my thoughts confine,
From end to end of one poor ſilly line;
Though I do ſtrive, and often them invite
Help me theſe mean and ſimple lines endite,
Which I begun in hope of gaining good
To be obtain'd by Chriſt his precious blood;
Though ſtill I finde, to my no little grief,
I have as yet receiv'd but ſmall relief;
Becauſe my thoughts they will not be my own,
But from my Saviour they ſtill preſs me down,
So as I cannot in ſweet Jeſus ſtay,
Not one half hour, no not in one whole day,
VVithout ſome idle interruption,
Intending deeply my deſtruction.

For I do plainly of it thus conceive, (rave;
'Tis want of grace which cauſe my thoughts to
Since I may well compare them to the Kite,
Who puling ſoares aloft a mighty height,
Untill he ſpy ſome beaſtly carrion;
Then down he comes, in haſt to ſeize upon
That filthy thing, whereon he falls and feeds
His gorge ſo full, that he for eaſe muſt needs
Take reſt a while, and after that againe
He doth return, and feeds thereon amaine;
And never far is drawn depart from it,
So long as there is left one little bit,
But flies about within ſight of his prey,
Except he be by a ſtronger forc'd away;
And if he be, he'l by and by retreat
To feed againe upon that pleaſing meat:
Even ſo theſewandringthoughts of mine ſurmount
The ſtarry skie, where I do make account
That they ſhould ſtay; but preſently they come
Down to this earth, where they do love to roam
And roave (yea rave) and there do run about,
Untill they finde ſome pleaſing pleaſure out;
Whereon they reſt themſelves a while, and then
They reel againe, and ramble like mad men
Are fighting for they cannot well tell what,
Nor matters much, ſo as it be not that
Whereon they ought in heart to think upon,
Which is my Savours bitter paſſion;
And if they neither reliſh, ſent, nor feel;
So as by that I ſee they are not well,

Nor

Not will not be, except ſweet Jeſus pleaſe,
Of his abundant goodneſs, grant me eaſe
Of this my madneſs: for indeed ſo 'tis,
It doth deprive me of that heavenly bliſs
Which thou, O Lord, of thine abundant love,
Haſt promis'd them are mark'd for heaven above;
Who onely call on thy moſt holy name,
And in thy ſervice do reſolve remaine:
For calling is but to a little end,
Without my life I ſeek for to amend;
And that I ſee is not in my own power,
Except, good God, thou pleaſe ſhut out of door
This wicked legion that ſtill leadeth me
From heaven to earth, and then unto the ſea;
And back with ſpeed unto the earth againe,
And there he ſuffers me a while remaine,
Till I begin, O Lord, to come to thee,
Then he begins (that legion) trouble me
And puts me off with ſome fair ſlighty tale.
Whereby I ſet all former hopes to ſale,
For ſome fond pleaſure the ſubtle Serpent ſhowes,
Which I accept, and ſo it down me throws
From out the preſence of my bleſſed Lord,
Who hath me promiſed by his ſacred word,
If that I will but to him freely come,
He will redeem me from that doleful doom
Of *Go thou curſed into the hell of fire*,
Which all thy actions ſeem for to deſire;
Since thou thy ſelf doſt lovingly embrace
Whatſoere is ſet before thy ſinful face

By that foul feind ; and even with greateſt joy,
Though it do tend to thy greateſt annoy,
And utter ruine of thy whole eſtate,
Which few but fools will buy at any rate ;
VVho never aime at any other end,
But what this earth to them on earth doth ſend :
For hence theſe wretches never think to go,
Till they be hurried hence into all wo.
For though my conſcience even now telleth me,
That death at door I do moſt plainly ſee,
Yet I preſume that he will make no haſt,
And ſo in ſin my life I utterly waſte ;
Not minding theſe thy bounteous great bleſſings
God gives to me, by his long-ſufferings,
In hope that I'll my ſinful life repent,
Performing duly wherefore I was ſent ;
Which was to ſerve my God both day and night,
As all they do who love to live in's ſight.
But I, poor I, a miſerable wretched beaſt,
Of all things elſe of that (moſt needful) leaſt ;
So as I finde there's nothing is in me,
But onely death-deſerving crueltie ;
And that I do with very great hearts delight,
And the reaſon is, becauſe it is not right :
For what I onely ought to think upon,
That either's now from me already gone,
Or elſe I do it with a moſt dull ſprite,
Which ſhowes I have but an ill appetite
For to perform that which I ought to do
Both with a minde and willing heart thereto ;

But sure if God did them unto me send,
He sent them doubtless for some other end,
And not to reel and ramble up and down,
From this to that, and then to th' t'other town;
And never stay where I wish they should be,
But alwayes running out abroad from me;
Whereby doth rise a case full of some doubt
What this may be which runneth thus about
From heaven to hell, and then to heaven againe;
But yet being there, will not in heaven remaine,
Where I desire that they should ever rest,
Because I know that place is ever blest
With the glorious presence of my Saviour sweet,
With whom my heart desires my soul may meet;
And there to stay, and ever with him live,
Whose goodness did it freely to me give:
And then I doubt not but my soul shall rest
Where I desire, and do in heart request
Thou wilt vouchsafe within me bless them so,
As they shall never from thy service go.
In the mean time, till thou vouchsafe to say,
Come thou the blessed, come, and with me stay,
Here bide, my soul, and now set up thy rest;
For by him solely thou art onely blest:
And have a care thou from him ne're depart,
Nor in thy thought, nor in thy very heart;
For this, I fear, will prove too much in blame,
Because I am not able th'other tame:
For if my heart were of it self upright,
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VVhat ſhall I think of this vile ill condition,
That after ſo much godly admotion
Of weakneſs great, if ſo I rightly call it;
But I think rather ſtrength I may ſo term it:
For ſure I am that it doth overcome me,
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For I deſire, with all my very heart,
My ſecrets ſolely to my God impart,
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And in him ſolely in my ſoul reſide;
Yet I am drawn, I cannot well ſay how,
To think of things which I do not know now:
For ſuch are often got into my thought,
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And yet my wit cannot it comprehend,
Why I this madneſs in me cannot mend;
Though I reſolve to force it with me ſtay
VVithin an inſtant it will me oreſway,
And many times to ſomethings that are ill,
And that directly 'gainſt what is my will.
So I am not able of my ſelf to ſay
VVhat this may be which hurrieth me away:
For though I ſet my minde to accompliſh this
I am about, which is not much amiſs
(As I conceive) yet in me is it ſo,
My wandring thoughts are carryed to and fro,
So as I cannot theſe my thoughts confine,
From end to end of one poor ſilly line;
Though I do ſtrive, and often them invite
Help me theſe mean and ſimple lines endite,
Which I begun in hope of gaining good
To be obtain'd by Chriſt his precious blood;
Though ſtill I finde, to my no little grief,
I have as yet receiv'd but ſmall relief;
Becauſe my thoughts they will not be my own,
But from my Saviour they ſtill preſs me down,
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Then down he comes, in haſt to ſeize upon
That filthy thing, whereon he falls and feeds
His gorge ſo full, that he for eaſe muſt needs
Take reſt a while, and after that againe
He doth return, and feeds thereon amaine;
And never far is drawn depart from it,
So long as there is left one little bit,
But flies about within ſight of his prey,
Except he be by a ſtronger forc'd away;
And if he be, he'l by and by retreat
To feed againe upon that pleaſing meat:
Even ſo theſe wand ring thoughts of mine ſurmount
The ſtarry skie, where I do make account
That they ſhould ſtay; but preſently they come
Down to this earth, where they do love to roam
And roave (yea rave) and there do run about,
Untill they finde ſome pleaſing pleaſure out;
Whereon they reſt themſelves a while, and then
They reel againe, and ramble like mad men
Are fighting for they cannot well tell what,
Nor matters much, ſo as it be not that
Whereon they ought in heart to think upon,
Which is my Savours bitter paſſion;
And if they neither reliſh, ſent, nor feel;
So as by that I ſee they are not well,

Nor

Not will not be, except sweet Jesus please,
Of his abundant goodness, grant me ease
Of this my madness: for indeed so 'tis,
It doth deprive me of that heavenly bliss
Which thou, O Lord, of thine abundant love,
Hast promis'd them are mark'd for heaven above;
Who onely call on thy most holy name,
And in thy service do resolve remaine:
For calling is but to a little end,
Without my life I seek for to amend;
And that I see is not in my own power,
Except, good God, thou please shut out of door
This wicked legion that still leadeth me
From heaven to earth, and then unto the sea;
And back with speed unto the earth againe,
And there he suffers me a while remaine,
Till I begin, O Lord, to come to thee,
Then he begins (that legion) trouble me
And puts me off with some fair slighty tale.
Whereby I set all former hopes to sale,
For some fond pleasure the subtle Serpent showes,
Which I accept, and so it down me throws
From out the presence of my blessed Lord,
Who hath me promised by his sacred word,
If that I will but to him freely come,
He will redeem me from that doleful doom
Of *Go thou cursed into the hell of fire*,
Which all thy actions seem for to desire;
Since thou thy self dost lovingly embrace
Whatsoere is set before thy sinful face

By that foul feind ; and even with greateſt joy,
Though it do tend to thy greateſt annoy,
And utter ruine of thy whole eſtate,
Which few but fools will buy at any rate ;
VVho never aime at any other end,
But what this earth to them on earth doth ſend :
For hence theſe wretches never think to go,
Till they be hurried hence into all wo.
For though my conſcience even now telleth me,
That death at door I do moſt plainly ſee,
Yet I preſume that he will make no haſt,
And ſo in ſin my life I utterly waſte ;
Not minding theſe thy bounteous great bleſſings
God gives to me, by his long-ſufferings,
In hope that I'll my ſinful life repent,
Performing duly wherefore I was ſent ;
Which was to ſerve my God both day and night,
As all they do who love to live in's ſight.
But I, poor I, a miſerable wretched beaſt,
Of all things elſe of that (moſt needful) leaſt ;
So as I finde there's nothing is in me,
But onely death-deſerving crueltie ;
And that I do with very great hearts delight,
And the reaſon is, becauſe it is not right :
For what I onely ought to think upon,
That either's now from me already gone,
Or elſe I do it with a moſt dull ſprite,
Which ſhowes I have but an ill appetite
For to perform that which I ought to do
Both with a minde and willing heart thereto ;

But these I finde alwayes are alwayes apt to ill,
And that they'l do, though it be 'gainst my will:
And further, therein they do take delight,
Though conscience say that they are not in right:
But conscience is not able these two guide;
For even 'gainst conscience they away do slide (lye,
From heaven to earth, where these two both do
Without respect who 'tis that sits on high:
So as with grief I do most plainly finde,
That there is alwayes something in my minde
Which should not be, if I could tell to mend it;
But 'twill be so, till God shall please to help it.
Sweet Jesus therefore please to come to me,
That I in heart may also come to thee,
And on thy passion stedfastly e're think,
And ne'er depart, or from thy suffering shrink,
But alwayes have it constantly in minde,
And there my thoughts be well assur'd to finde,
Where I desire that they should ever be,
With thee, dear God, dear God, alone with thee.
Sweet Jesus grant, if 't be thy blessed will,
Vouchsafe be pleas'd to keep them with thee still,
And never let them far from thee depart,
But keep both them, and also my poor heart,
Out Satans reach, that he do never more
Me overcome, as he hath done before,
This my weak heart, who's faint, & hath no power
Within it self, no not for one half hour,

It self to know, except it so shall please
My Saviour sweet this great temptation cease:
For thou O Lord, and only thou alone,
Must either help, or other I have none.
And therefore now I humbly to thee pray,
Thou wilt vouchsafe with me good Lord to stay,
And safe me keep from all temptation
Of that most subtle wicked legion,
Who minds himself into my very heart,
And will not thence (by me) be drawn depart,
Except thou please good Lord to cast him out,
And let him range this terrene world about,
And nere attempt to set on me again:
But cause me still good God in thee remain,
That I O Lord may ever in thee live,
And heart and mind unto thee freely give:
That with good conscience I may safely say,
Thou'rt in my heart, and there dost live and stay,
'Cause in my thoughts I doe it surely find
That thou art firmly seated in my mind,
And will not suffer idle worldly toyes
For to deprive me of those heavenly joyes,
But that in them I may put my delight,
And banish all whatsoere that are not right:
So as no pleasure shall be able move
My heart from thee my Saviour God above,
But that in thee I may repose my rest,
In whom alone I shall be only blest,
So I from thee do not again now fall,
But on the name of my sweet Saviour call.

When Satan doth my weak frail heart delude,
And on my weakness doth himself intrude,
Whereby he seeks to draw me still away
From thee my Saviour and my only stay,
By some deceitful bait which he hath set
To overtake me in that woful net,
Wherein are taken every one of those
Who in that Fiend do any trust repose:
For who him trust, them surely he deceives,
And of all goodness he them quite bereaves:
Then trust him not; for if that so thou dost,
Assure thy self thy soul is utterly lost:
For there was never any gain'd by him,
Who doth endeavour since all to sin.
Whatsoere he seems in show for to pretend,
Be sure to find a horrid death in th'end:
For all his projects are but crafty wiles
Whereby poor frailties by of good beguiles,
And doth not suffer them to see their sin
Till they be taken in his hellish gin:
And if by chance poor man it hap to spy,
Then he will have some other remedy,
Whereby he may entrap this silly man,
Where-in-all no good at all he can:
So as he is not able to undo me,
But still sights and he utterly doth abhor me.
And here my soul do thou observe with care
How by good use all parts assistant are
With help to bring them to that happy place
Where all shall live who are endow'd with grace.

And in their journey care to keep the path
Which leads to life, or else they gain the wrath
Of that great God whose wondrous works are such
As in this pilgrimage our journey may help much,
If we but mark and to the Spirit give ear
When God himself doth in each part appear,
And every minute doth some warning give
Which may direct us how on earth to live,
So as with care we attend unto his call
Who takes no pleasure in the sinners fall,
Although in them he will be glorified
Because his name we have not magnified.
Have I receiv'd my senses all in vain,
So as their use affords to me no gain,
But loss of life, and my sweet Saviour,
Who doth not cease to call me every hour,
O now, O now begin to look at home,
And see thy senses how they all do come
Without respect of him who hath them sent,
Or th'end for which they were unto thee lent:
And do not quench the Spirit of God in thee,
Left thou be blind when doft desire to see.
O then use eyes, and use them to that end
For which Jehovah did them to thee send;
For whersoere thou turn'st this eye of thine,
The work of God most plain in it doth shine.
If to the heavens, thou seest his glory there,
Who for thy sins was pleas'd on earth appear:
If to the earth, each herb a wonder is,
And by that wonder help thy soul to bliss.

Look in thy heart, and there thou may'st behold
How Satan's black, although he shine like gold,
Then see thy foot, the chariot of thy rest,
How it desires to be where it may be blest.
O further that desire with every sense,
Who shall for it receive good recompence.
Observe how God bestowed on thee a taste,
And in that part of th' body it hath plac'd,
So as there's nothing into th' corps can go,
But it gives warning whether't be so or no,
Then use this taste unto its own right end
Thou'lt see that God did it unto thee send;
Not for to taste that *Evahs* bitter apple,
Lest thou want strength with Satan for to grapple:
But 'twas to taste the things for th' body food,
Lest ought may enter there which is not good.
O then do thou of good have only care,
And all things ill of them be thou aware,
Lest that thy soul may lose its spiritual health,
Which is more worth then all thy worldly wealth,
O be thou curious of thy bodies taste,
Lest pleasing sins may make thy soul to waste;
Like as the body with it's pollonged pris,
Tho gold without, within they're stuff'd with ils.
Another Sentinel hath Jehovah sent,
Lest thou should smell something thou might repent
Thou'lt stop thy nose when't feels a scent is ill:
Then stay each member, and restrain thy will,
Which are delighted with each pleasing smell,
But have a care such scent not towards hell.

A

All fineſt flowers have not the ſweeteſt ſmell,
Scent thou then ſuch as to thy ſoul ſeems well:
Let that ſcent only pleaſe thy inward mind,
Although thy corps eſteem it moſt unkind:
For ſoul and bodies ſcent have ſeveral ſenſe,
This loveth ſin, but that loves penitence,
O then prefer that which thy ſoul doth ſcent,
Leſt that in th'end thy corps have cauſe repent:
Uſe that reſtriction with this Sentinel,
That it ſcent nothing but that doth ſcent well
Unto thy ſoul, let it thy ſcent approve,
Who hates all ill, and what is good doth love.
Another ſenſe hath this great God thee ſent,
To feel thy ſins, and of them to repent:
Thou well canſt feel a ſmall ſtroke of thy ſkin,
Yet will not feel the Spirit how quench'd within.
Canſt thou feel hurts, if in thy bodies members,
But thy ſouls hurt thou'lt not be drawn remember
Conſider well how God hath plac'd this ſenſe
In th'outward part, of th'inward for defence:
Thou wilt prevent the falling of a tree,
But th'greateſt ſin thou thinkſt cannot hurt thee:
Canſt thou be careful of thy bodies food,
And have no feeling of thy ſoul its good?
Canſt thou feel prickles in thy tender ſkin,
And cannot feel thy ſoul is pricke within?
Doſt thou not know that when thy ſoul is gone,
Thy body then hath feeling in it none?
Examine conſcience whether's greateſt care
For this thy body, or thy ſoul is there?

I fear thou feel'ſt this of thy body more
Then doſt thy ſoul, though ſmitten nere ſo ſore:
O ſenſleſs man! have feeling of thy ſin,
Or elſe thou'lt feel that God is not within.
Another member hath Jehovah given,
Uſing all helps to bring this man to heaven:
On either ſide of th'head hath ſet an Ear,
That either ſide the Spirit of God may hear.
Then hear this Spirit which loudly crieth on thee,
Leſt thou too late mayſt cry, Good Lord help me!
Thou knowſt that God hath promiſed all to hear
That call on him; then do not thou forbear,
But call in time, leſt it may prove too late,
When death hath deem'd deep hell to be thy fate.
Doth not God ſend a tinkling in thy ears
To make thee think 'tis th paſſing bell thou hears?
O do not ſtop thy ears from this ſweet bell,
For it may help to ſtop thy way to hell.
Say, haſt not heard thy ſins of-times reproved,
And notwithſtanding thou thy ſins haſt loved?
Remember *Adam*, he heard *Evahs* voyce,
And left his ſeed by it no cauſe rejoyce.
Then ſtop thy ears againſt the Syrens ſong,
For ſweeteſt ſingers often lead to wrong:
But ope them wide unto thy Saviours cry,
And then fear not, he'll not thy ſuit deny:
But then muſt thou leave off thy pleaſing ſin,
Or elſe be ſure thy ſoul is loſt within.
But there is nothing that is in mans power
Without the help of his good Saviour.

Then

Then to him, to him, to him freely go,
And be not thou put off from him with no:
But fall downflat upon thy bended knees,
And nere rise up till such time he shall please
To call thee thence, and shew to thee the way
Wherein with safety thou mayst walk and stay.
But 'fore thou art able to accomplish this,
Which is no doubt a perfect heavenly bliss,
Thou must repent thee of thy former sin
And horrid life which thou hast lived in:
And that being done from th'bottom of thy heart,
With resolution nere from him depart,
Nor be orecome as hereto thou hast bin
With willing mind to commit any sin;
Assure thy self he will thy prayers hear,
And to thy soul he will himself appear,
And yield thee comfort from the heavens above,
Even from thy Saviour who is God of love.
Then mayst thou think that there is hope of rest
In him by whom thou shalt be ever blest:
For only by him, and by him alone
Thou must have rest, or rest there will be none.
Then since thou knowst where rest is to be had,
Be not dismayd in any sort with dread;
But let him always be to thee a guide,
And stand resolv'd thou never from him slide:
But have a care to keep him in thy mind,
And then be sure that thou shalt ever find
That saving health thou didst in heart desire,
If thou doe it with heart and soul require,

Without

Without all fear of any opposition
Of that most bellish and most wicked Legion:
For if thy blessed Saviour be but there,
Assure thy self he will not come thee neare;
But if that Christ shall once but turn his back,
Then look about thee, have care be not slack;
For if thou be, then thou shalt surely find
That he will quickly enter on thy mind;
And if by cunning he get in a foot,
Thou art not able get his body out,
But he'll have all, and then he there will dwell
Untill he draw thee down with him to hell.
Then be thou carefull of thy inward mind,
To fixe it always on thy Saviour kind;
And then fear not, but well assured be
He'll keep it during all eternity.
For now I find what I have so long sought,
That th'only cause of my unruly thought
Is want of constant setling them on thee,
On whom they alwayes solely ought to be.
Since I now know that never sin was seen,
Which to this wicked thought did not prevene;
For first 'tis hatched in my barren brain,
Before in heart it can come to remain;
And thence is spreads it self to every part,
Because that all the whole man should feel smart;
For doubtless know that every several sense
Shall suffer deeply without penitence;
For every part of pain participate,
Of weal or woe, of love or else of hate.

Then

Then keep a good guard of thy outward thought,
Left ought may enter in it which is nought:
For there will Satans battery first begin,
To bring thy body into deadly sin;
Then look thy guard be watchful, good & strong,
That it may always walk with thee along,
To give thee warning of thy enemy,
That thou mayst ay be ready from him fly;
For few that strive do obtain victory,
And to some strong force do thou thee betake,
Ev'n him alone who dy'd for thy sins sake.
And will safe keep thee unto thy lives end;
But then must thou thy life on earth amend,
Else little hope that he will keep thee free
From this deceitfull watchfull enemy.
Then give thy heart unto thy God alone,
For he'l have that, or else he will have none.
Nay give him all, ev'n all what'ere thou hast,
For what he wants be sure thou dost but wast;
And more then so, for that which he hath not,
Shall surely fall to Satans only lot,
Seeing he is watchfull, ever ready prest
To thrust himself into thy bony breast,
If that thy Saviour be not biding there.
And therefore see that thou my soul do nere
Depart from out Christs blessed company,
For if thou dost assure thy self to dy,
Since Satan he is always at the dore,
To enter there, if that thy Saviour
Be out of th' way, and therefore have a care,

That Satan nere have power to enter there:
For if he do then ſure thou art but gone,
Seeing Chriſt will all, or elſe he will have none.
Then giv't him, giv't him, give thy Saviour all,
And never lin, but to him heart'ly call,
That he will pleaſe this all of thine accept,
Which he alone with his right hand hath kept
Out Satans power, who hath ſo long led thee
Untill this time from thy very infancy,
So now full time from this foul Fiend to flie,
Or elſe nere look to live, but look to die:
For death's the beſt that he is able give
To any of them who in their ſins do live;
So if thou purpoſe now to prevent death,
It muſt be done whilſt thou on earth haſt breath;
For when thy life upon this earth is done,
Then doth that dreadfull day of judgment come,
And 'tis decreed that all muſt undergo
Their lateſt doom, which is, or *Come*, or *Go*,
And that pronounc'd, thou mayſt of this be ſure,
Or weal or wo ſhall then for ay endure.
And after that decree is done and paſt,
There is no hope it can be ere reverſt.
Then pray that this may be thy finall doom,
Bleſs'd of the Lord, do thou unto me come,
Was ever comfort heard of like to this,
Which brings thy ſoul into eternall bliſs?
Where all the Saints with joyfull noyſe accord
To ſing the praiſes of the heavenly Lord,
Who was, and is, and evermore ſhall be,

Till

Till th'end of Time, and thence eternally.
Let all the earth joyn and due praises sing
To this our God, and glorious heavenly King.
'Mongst these, my soul, do thou set up thy rest,
Here none abide but them are onely blest.
Then do thou strive this blessedness to gain,
That thou with them mayst evermore remain,
And always joyfull *Alleluja's* sing
To Christ thy Saviour, and thy heavenly King,
Who hath thy soul thus far enlightned so,
As 't may be freed from that most dolefull wo,
And wofull word of *Go from hence thou curst*,
Of all that ere was heard the very worst.
Sweet Jesus please for to preserve me so,
As I may never hear this word of *Go*,
Which is so fearfull to my fleshly heart,
Which makes it grieve, and inwardly to smart.
Come blessed Lord, be pleas'd vouchsafe me cure
Of this my grievous pain which I endure,
For very sorrow of this horrid fear,
More heavy then I am able to bear,
To think what danger this my soul is in,
By my long life spent all in deadly sin,
But that my Saviour pleaseth comfort me,
When I remember how he dy'd for me,
And that his coming was for this intent,
To call me to him that I might repent:
Then please sweet Jesus (sinfull me) to call,
And so as I do never from thee fall.
But ever worship thee my God and King,

And with a joyfull heart thy praises sing,
Amongst that glorious heavenly Angels Quire,
Whose joys are full beyond all hearts desire,
And with them sing to thee continually,
And so shall do for all eternity,
The worthy praises of that heavenly King,
Whose wondrous works one heaven and earth do ring.
Then sing, my soul, and ever joyful be,
The praises due to him that dy'd for thee,
Let all the earth conjoyn, and praises sing
To this our God, and glorious heavenly King,
Both Father, Son, and eke the holy Ghost,
Who's God alone, and of all might is most,
And worthy is of all be ever blest,
And here my soul do now set up thy rest.
And have a care serve him continually,
And then be sure that thou shalt never dye.

Vouchsafe, good GOD,
to this to say, Amen.

SAMUEL BRASSE.

O Almighty, ever-living, most mercifull God, and my most loving and kind Father, I the work of thy hands, unworthy even the very least of thy benefits, unworthy so much as to lift up mine eys towards thy divine Majesty, much less worthy to call unto thee for mercy, or to receive any mercy thy hands; Yet, gracious God, for that thou hast appointed all them that are heavy laden to come unto thee, and thou wilt ease them, I most entirely beseech thee of thy abundant goodness, to ease me of this burthen of sin, under which I have spent most part of that time thou hast been pleased to bestow upon me for thy own service only. Lord lay them not upon my soul now at my departure, but wash them away with the pretious blood of thy dearly beloved Son Jesus Christ, bury them in his wounds, dear Father, that they may never rise up against me either in this life, or that everlasting: but please, good Lord, at my death to vouchsafe me this comfort, of all others most comfortable, Come thou blessed, receive the Kingdom I have purchased for thee. *In full assurance whereof I commend my soul into thy hands, Lord keep it there for his sake who so dearly bought it with his pretious blood, in whose Name I make bold to call unto thee in that perfect form of prayer he himself hath taught me, saying,* Our Father which art in Heaven, &c.

To my dear and onely Son, *WILLIAM BRASS.*

SON, these three letters imply three distinct persons, Father, Mother, and Child; these their several offices, the Father to educate his child in the fear of God, and provide for his livelihood: the Mother to assist as a helper: the Son to obey both, and observe them with a filiall care. I thank my God there hath been no neglect of any part since you had your being; and now at my departure I have left you this little Book, useful in this woful time of War, though not against lime and stone, yet against that active Enemy is ever ready upon all occasions to assault you; and therein also you may view the infirmities life, and by them apply some good use to your own. Other wealth I am likely leave but a little, since God hath so appointed it should be reft from me by the *Sabeans*. Esteem this as your Fathers last Will, read it with deliberation, meditation, and contemplation; there may (happily) some thing be found in it, will redound to your good when I am in grave. Keep it in your pocket, and peruse it often, it may prove more worth then much wealth; and as you tender your own good, or your Fathers command, I charge you upon all occasions, which (doubtless) will be many, have recourse to the first Lines, and in assurance thereof I shall live and die your loving Father,

Samuel Brasse.

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Reader, Some Numbers of the Pages are mistaken in the book; but the order of the Contents is rightly observed.

FINIS.